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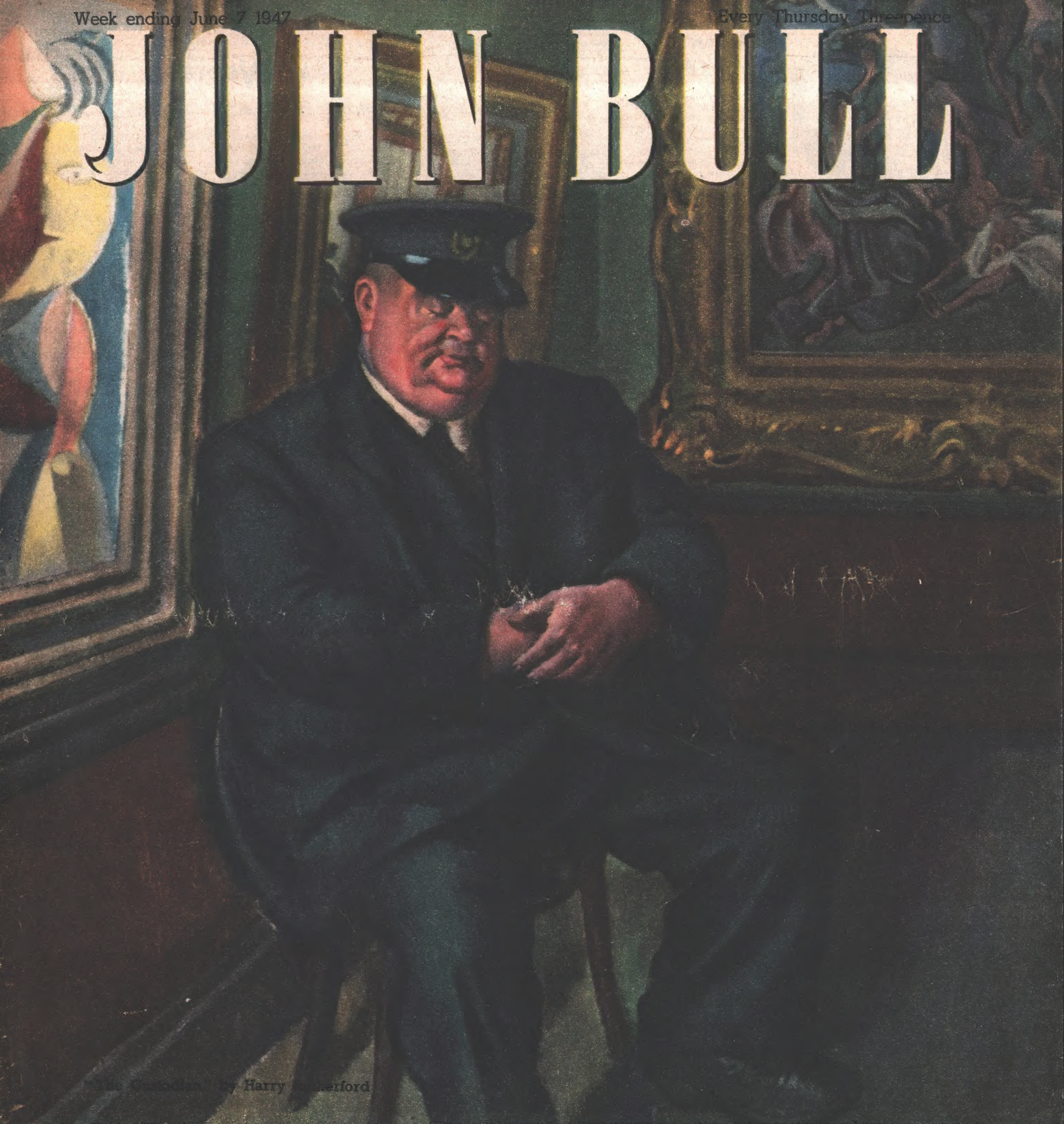

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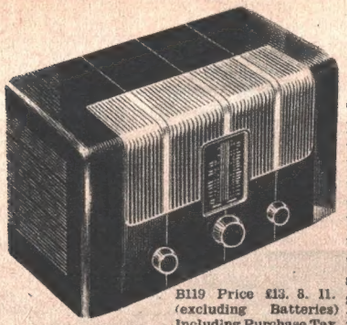
IN THIS ISSUE



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JUNE 7, 1947 VOL. 81 NO. 2136

Postpone Fare-Raising

FOR THE SECOND POSTWAR SUMMER we are to have an austerity holiday season.

Fewer trains than last year means more discomfort and fatigue for millions of people. Those tremendous, heart-breaking queues at main-line stations will be worse than in 1946.

On top of this hardship caused by the fuel shortage, we are faced as well with still higher rail fares.

The railways are running at a loss because their rates have not been increased enough to cover higher costs. They cannot carry more goods and passengers to raise additional revenue because they lack rolling-stock, staff and fuel. So the alternative is higher rates and fares—or a subsidy out of taxation, against which the Government rightly sets its face.

Nevertheless it will be a mistake to increase fares at the same time as imposing cuts in the number of holiday trains. If we *must* endure the discomfort of overcrowded holiday trains, it will not help to make us pay more for it!

Even if Mr. Barnes, the Minister of Transport, is in a hurry to balance the railways' budget, let him remember this, and begin by increasing the freight rates only. Postpone fare-raising until the autumn, when the people have had their holidays.

Five-Day Tonic

THE FIVE-DAY WEEK for the miners has justified itself in its first month.

Not only has output been maintained, but the absenteeism which was such a frequent cause of friction has been reduced to less than one quarter.

In other words, men who were not prepared to endure regularly the hardships and dangers of winning coal for six days *are* prepared to work regularly for five days.

To start with, moreover, they have to get used to the new system. Their already encouraging response should improve still more as that happens.

Recruitment to the coal industry also continues to rise. This fact has a two-fold importance. It means not only that the total number of miners goes up, but that the total number in what National Coal Board officials call "effective employment" rises still more.

For the new entrants are young and vigorous wholetimers. As they are trained they replace old, tired men on the colliery books.

These older men have done wonders in the past, but they cannot keep up the pace or the hours of work now needed. Their eventual replacement by younger men is essential.

So nearly all the news from the coal front is at last good. True, we are still not making full use of the Polish trainees, because some miners' lodges will not admit them. But their British comrades and managements in jobs where Poles are now working report favourably about them. They say that the Poles are fine workers and good fellows. As this news gets around the coalfields, no doubt, the remaining opposition will fade.

For the miners have no longer anything to fear from a repetition of the raw deals of the past. Today there is ample and secure employment for all who enter the pits.

And it will not be long before we marvel that the miners, bearing the grim underground burden of all our industries, were ever expected to work more than five days a week.

Success Story

CLOTHES RATIONING, overseas trade and many of the other "popular" activities of the Board of Trade are constantly in the news or under critical fire.

But who knows about the Distribution of Industry and Regional Division of the Board? Very few of us. Yet this comparatively unknown department is doing one of the most important jobs in Whitehall to prevent mass unemployment.

Most of us remember the Distressed Areas, those huge blots of depression which, as centres of the basic industries, were soon out of work after the first World War.

In the thirties, after successive Governments had done almost nothing to relieve the distress of the millions dependent on them, they became the Special Areas, and efforts were begun to start up new industries to absorb the unemployment.

Now they are known as Development Areas, and real, intensive work is going on to make permanent the prosperity which returned to them during the last war.

Long before VJ-Day, plans were being made to prevent one-seventh of the population sinking back into the misery of the old Distressed Areas. Despite opposition from old-fashioned manufacturers, the Government has for two years been "steering" a great variety of new industries to where they are needed to take up the slack of war work.

About 1,000 factories have been or are being built or converted to a wide variety of new industries. Total new factory space of thirty-five million square feet is just seven times the area in use in the Development Areas in September, 1939.

This is a fine achievement, but again JOHN BULL asks: who knows about it outside the areas concerned? The whole of Britain—and the world—should know this success story.

Cricket and Commonwealth

AN EVENT OF INTERNATIONAL IMPORTANCE which world statesmen should not overlook begins on Saturday.

It is the first Test Match between England and the cricketers of South Africa.

We take our cricket Test Matches against the Dominions and other sections of the Empire for granted. Yet they are unique in the world's civilization. They symbolize that little something which other Empires haven't got.

When an England team is playing at Sydney or Melbourne, the masculine public back here, listening to the radio commentary and grabbing the newspapers, is in spirit at Sydney or Melbourne. And this weekend the men of Capetown or Johannesburg will have the same sense of being at Nottingham.

It is good news, too, that Test Matches between England and India are to continue after their political separation.

Cricket is one of the incalculable forces binding the British Empire and Commonwealth together.

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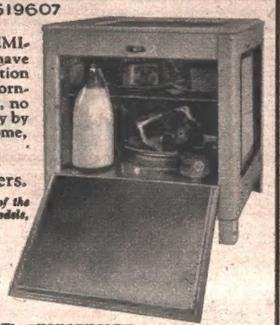

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It's the Irium in Pepsodent toothpaste that gives you sparkling white teeth

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A helping hand

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Many harassed housewives have found in the Brooke Bond Dividend Scheme a helping hand.

Such an easy, useful way to save—and you *never know* when your savings will be needed.

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Pure white Sylvan keeps your delicate woollens gay and colourful with that freshness Kendrick so admires. You'll be charming in your comfy, summery shirt-blouse — but trust it *only* to Sylvan, because *white* Sylvan is pure soap — *mild* Sylvan is soda-free — *thorough* Sylvan whisks up in a flash to clouds of frothy lather. That's why Sylvan takes the finest possible care of your precious woollens.

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'Sunday Express' fashion artist, sketched this girl for us. 'I loved the freshness of her woolly shirt-blouse,' says Kendrick. 'its intriguing sleeves and gay, pimpernel-red stripes.'

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STALEMATE IN THE WORLD'S COUNCILS

United Nations General Assembly in session at New York. "If you, as an ordinary man, believe in U.N.O., you have something to work on . . ."

WHAT CAN THE ORDINARY MAN DO?

by CLAUD MORRIS

Two weeks ago in John Bull Claud Morris diagnosed the "phoney" peace — the dangerous drift apart of America and Russia. "Too bad, but what can I do about it?" asks the man in the street. "Quite a lot," says Morris

ON NOTTINGHAM PLATFORM stands a man who earns four pounds ten shillings a week lugging suitcases and trundling barrows. He hangs on to a lifeline of pound notes that come out of an L.M.S. pay packet, passing every Friday to the landlord, the grocer and the coalman. If the line breaks, or sags a bit, he is going to sink.

What influence, if any, has a man like this on the affairs of his country?

I heard him the other night, speaking to a handful of men about Ernest Bevin with such easy familiarity you would think the Foreign Secretary was upstairs taking a bath. Right or wrong, he disagrees with the Foreign Secretary. And he airs his grouses right out in the open at meetings of his union.

But does that *do* anything?

The National Union of Railwaymen is affiliated to the Trades Union Congress. Like it or hate it, the T.U.C. is the biggest democratic giant in the country. It made the Labour Party—it could easily break it. And the really important men who influence T.U.C. policy are still the men like this porter who do the really important, dirty work that goes to make up a railway station and a world.

Maybe one man down there in Nottingham cannot raise his voice high enough to be heard in Westminster, but one citizen's voice can still make a mighty din at a union meeting.

That's true. Ask any of the millions in British trade unions today. Ask Bevin, the first man in England who would admit it is a legitimate thing to throw a pebble or two at the Foreign Secretary when you don't agree with what's going on.

At the last big meeting of the Trades Union Congress a mass vote against part of Mr. Bevin's foreign policy *nearly* changed the Government's mind for it. And where did the revolt begin? On platforms like Nottingham, in obscure cafes and dingy workshops, in front of the brick furnaces, down the pit and up the quarry face.

I believe that today, as never before, it is the ordinary men and women who finally make tomorrow what it is going to be. For a long time I handled the correspondence of one of this country's most active political leaders. There were three hundred letters a day, with a private postman to carry them. Each night I summarized the trend of these letters. Often a pattern, a shape, evolved. Greater care was paid to these letters than to world newspaper headlines, or to pungent editorials, dramatized by coatless, weary men in dozens of newspaper offices; and next day in the House of Commons that politician's reaction to every current event was influenced by the mailbag.

They Wrote and Said So

In a crisis, a letter from a constituent, its contents multiplied a hundred times, a thousand times, by other similar letters, can sack a Cabinet Minister. Remember the Hoare-Laval pact over Abyssinia? The British people did not like it. They wrote and said so. Sir Samuel Hoare was sacked.

Thousands of letters from ordinary men, pouring into the House of Commons, did as much as any single thing to kick Chamberlain out and put Churchill in the Prime Minister's chair.

I am amazed how few men realize what an influence they, as ordinary citizens, have over an elected government. Government policy over Spain and Government policy on conscription have both been either altered or modified in past months because of clamour—right or wrong—from the ordinary man. M.P.s cannot ignore the tide of public opinion. The Canutes are the ones who eventually lose elections.

In this country we have a public conscience, slow to rouse, steady to persist, and impossible to quench. That is what foreigners mean when they say that here we have only two natural resources. One, our coal. And two, our national character.

"Today, the one hope in every country is the ordinary citizen..."

Yet, ask yourself, are you still today one of the apathetic ones, believing you have no control over the shape of tomorrow? A human citizen, with a pen and paper, a voice and a vote, living in the first democracy of the world, where every man is free to shout and yell, yet helpless in the grip of your own circumstances?

There are many ordinary men in this country who play a part in making democracy work. More, perhaps, than in any other land. But there are still too many who look at life from a dog's viewpoint. Apathetic people, to whom the world outside is a meaningless chatter. A man at the B.B.C. put his finger on the situation. "The trouble with the foreign news last night," he said, "is that it's foreign. Too few realize or read what's going on."

Are you one of the men who once fingered the pages with keen-eyed interest for every war headline and have you suddenly become, again, an ignorant bystander, a man who has lost touch without leaving home? Are you taking this morning's bottled opinions from world-weary men with axes to grind, without troubling to think your own way out of the situation?

I have just been across the country, from north to west, and the people I met are divided into two groups. The first group consists of those who are alarmed at the drift to war. The second group are those who are too apathetic to care about it.

It is to the second group that this article is addressed.

The people in this group are the men who take their morning paper and read it, but the words make no impact on their minds. Should they be blamed?

Our Chief Enemy—Apathy

If the ordinary man in this country decides—as he did—that the ordinary German is to be blamed for Belsen and for not investigating the crimes of his leaders, then can he hold himself less responsible for the world drift towards war which can—and will—end in the annihilation of millions?

Apathy breeds war. Our chief enemy in 1947 is not Russia; it is not a new and rising American imperialism. It is simply the apathy of the ordinary man in the face of the selfishness and brutality of the age we live in.

After he made his decision to put American fingers into the European pie, President Truman remarked: "Nobody knows where this will lead us." Quite true. But, as one American put it at the time, we shan't get very far in the world unless we get a clearer idea of what we *think* we are up to.

What do you *think* we are up to?

There are certain main issues in the world today on which it is of vital importance that the ordinary man makes up his mind. These are points over which he *can* exert his influence:

First, what is to be our attitude towards Russia? *Second*, what is t be our attitude towards America? *Third*, what is to be the strength of our armed forces? *Fourth*, how determined must Britain be in her support of the United Nations Organization? *Fifth*, what are we going to do about the control of atomic energy?

As the first example, take Russia, the major headache. We must have a firm basis of understanding and friendship towards Russia and her people. We must recognize that they, like others, have certain differences from us. We must clearly recognize these differences, and bridge them.

The Russians are not angels—for reference read your Conservative morning newspaper. But make up your mind on one point, Marxism and the Soviet ideology are not passing notions. They are living forces which grip the minds of millions of men and women with whom we share the world.

As the second example, consider the United States, the great colossus of manufacturing power. An American said to me: "I sometimes think it a pity that we both speak the same language. It prevents us realizing fully how different we are."

The United States, built and living on a bloodstream of private enterprise, has a very real fear of Communism. The men in Washington seem to think that Russia may mean war. President Truman's policy can be summed up in his own words: "Until we know different, we'll fence Russia in." The Truman proposals are for "collective security against Communism." Many believe that Truman is frightened, not of Russia, but of Communist ideology.

Truman's proposals to play a power-political game against Communism, and Stalin's daily countermoves, make a mock of U.N.O.

If we aid and abet the Truman policy, this country becomes first of all an American satellite, and later, perhaps inevitably, an American ally in a war against Russia.

Ernest Bevin sees the difficulties of this country, the nation on the tightrope, doing the balancing trick between two power groups. He—and many of his countrymen—want to maintain the strength of our own armed forces. Soldiers implement the spoken word. An American said the other day: "In a world where the armies have reduced strength considerably the British Army sits like a plump boy on a raft full of skeletons." Do you agree with a big British Army? Make up your own mind. It happens to be a keystone of foreign policy.

Next, consider U.N.O. Every man has a sneaking feeling that U.N.O. is being forgotten and bypassed. And every man is right.

Two years have passed and we are still waiting for the first peace treaty to be signed. Why? Because the big Powers are divided into two halves—the gripper and the grabber—each party out to carve a sphere of influence and create in this sphere its own ideological image.

You can decide right now that if there is one thing in common about the foreign policy of the Powers, it is this: Each big nation has a couple of strings to its bow. *First*, to prevent the next war. *Second*, to prevent anyone else winning it.

If all nations forgot the second of these golden rules and handed the business of world security over to an international body like U.N.O., common sense would begin to shape the affairs of mankind.

"Speak softly but carry a big stick," said Franklin Roosevelt. Truman is said to be many acres to the right of F.D.R. in foreign policy, but times change. Instead of a big stick he carries a pineapple the size of a man's fist that provides a one-way ticket to the sweet by-and-by. Unfortunately Russia knows it; the world knows it.

The answer is to hand atomic energy over to U.N.O., the only body fit to control it. U.N.O. needs a big stick that certain other people, in the interests of world safety, would be better off without. Can one nation, in any case, control the atom and keep it safely under lock and key?

The Scientist from Zurich

In Zurich lives a famous scientist. He is reputed to know as much about atomic energy as any European. Soon after the war he was invited to the United States, and a special aircraft flown over for him.

He was shown a certain amount, but after seeing over the plants, and being escorted back to Washington and a cocktail party, he said: "That's all very well, gentlemen, but when are you going to show me the *rest?*"

His American hosts stared in amazement. "What *more* do you want to see?" He drew out his pencil and pad and made a rapid series of calculations. In five minutes he had shown his American friends that in many ways his knowledge of atomic energy was ahead of their own. Two days later he was taken over the remaining secret depots. There was no longer any point in locking the laboratory door. The man from Zurich knew it all.

This story illustrates the importance of atomic control on an international basis—by U.N.O. Talk to any scientist and you will understand he is frankly worried. He knows it is an eventual impossibility for one nation, or even two nations, to keep the atomic secrets. World science has nothing to do with geography.

I believe that Russia may already have the secret of atomic power. Why not? The scientist in the Ukraine is no less versed in physics than the scientist at Oak Ridge or on the Berkshire Downs. You can no more prevent nations making atom bombs than you can prevent them from building motor cars.

The big thing today is to prevent an atom bomb race. And U.N.O. has the answer.

If you, as an ordinary man, believe in U.N.O., you have something to work on. You can decide your attitude of mind, and decide today. Don't read the lunatic fringe, or go by the editorials. The main safeguard of this country often has been, and can be once again, the fact that there is more sound, detached thinking by a provincial fireside than goes on in the square mile of Westminster.

A Nation's Backbone

The moral force of a nation comes from the people inside it. It springs from the ordinary man in the street. Governments are elected and made up of people. Nations are people, self-indulgent, lazy, bad-mannered. Nations are the sum total of every human soul inside, held up to a looking glass, magnified, and sometimes all the sins appear to be coming forth from one individual, out of focus and nasty.

Before the end of this last war, thousands of posters screamed that Hitler must be destroyed. Hitler was destroyed. In ancient Rome centuries ago, the Romans were locked in a bitter struggle against Carthage, and Roman publicists shouted, "Carthage must be destroyed." Carthage was destroyed.

But, soon after, Rome fell, too. She had won her great victory, but she had not the moral character in her people to hold the country together after the outside danger had been removed.

Could this happen to Britain?

In today's storm, unpredictable and tearing at the roots of life, the one single hope, the rock in every country, is the ordinary citizen. He remembers more things than an elephant ever tucked up his trunk. A good citizen is like a good navigator, and a good navigator is not a man who fears the rise and fall of waves, or tides, but rather one who makes the most of both.

In the time ahead, when you read the international news, don't look out for a glassy calm or mistake a rough sea for a hurricane. But think.

If, as some people have said, the ordinary man can do nothing about the state of the world, then we might as well roll out the black-and-red carpets and invite the dictators in. But remember that statesmen are, in the final analysis, mouthpieces. They examine the evidence, they don't make political appraisals. And they get their strict instructions—from their cabinet. And the British Cabinet gets its mandate—from you.

Remember the Nottingham porter who is out to influence the Foreign Secretary. Remember the ordinary men, millions of them, who give democracy its spinal column. These are the fellows who marched to the war that Britain won.

What can the ordinary man do? I believe he can tell his M.P. If he has no love for the thought of Britain as an American satellite, he can demand *full* support of U.N.O. He can campaign for the control of atomic energy—by U.N.O.

There lies the third way—away from the power blocs, leading the world to a conception of world democracy in which we each recognize our united differences.

It is Britain's big chance. To lead the world to world government through U.N.O., refusing to be drawn into the camp of either Red or Reactionary.

And if it takes the form of a letter to your M.P., a letter to your newspaper, a suggestion to the B.B.C., a word to the Women's Institute, an appeal to your union—no matter what form it takes—you, the ordinary man, can speak for Britain.

Parental influence just doesn't count. That is the conclusion emerging from this summing up on Young America—the teen-agers whose antics puzzle the outside world

How to become "a regular guy." Cheer leaders at Sewanee College, Tennessee, initiate freshmen

JUNIOR IS A STRANGER

by ROLAND WILD

THERE IS SOMETHING in the air they breathe, the food they eat and the ground they walk on that causes American children to jump suddenly from childhood to adulthood—and some say adultery—without the awkward intervening period experienced by Europeans.

With the world's treasures at its expensively shod feet, saturated with perfume better than Araby knew (and in the large, economy size) and heir to the world's greatest playground of desert, city and mountain range (see California ads.), the youth of U.S.A. marches on in step with strange times.

When the world wants a good shudder it is obtainable any time by reading of sex and youth in America. Regularly every three months the high schools and universities are portrayed as beautiful and well-planned pleasaunces of wenching—with the ladies in question carrying nude pictures of themselves next to their identity cards. Venereal disease, there is no doubt about it, is up. Pregnancy among unmarried girls under twenty is common.

Educational and social workers agree readily that American youth is paying a heavy price for this precociousness.

"But you can't have it both ways," they say, "when you grow up quickly, you grow up quickly."

Now there is nothing the matter with American youth while its hobbies continue to be, for instance, the eternal search for more speed out of stripped automobiles abandoned by breakers' yards.

In Seattle recently the police paid a plaintive compliment to the "hot-rodders" who drive their "souped-up" crates on the highway. "The trouble is," said the police, "that our cars cannot compete with automobiles that better a hundred miles an hour, often without brakes. We would like to trap them but we never catch them." To which the local club of young mechanics answered that the police ought to arrange for a speedway and regular Sunday racing. It is this spirit that encourages the hope that there will always be adventurers.

Generally, however, youth in the U.S.A. is taking its adventures vicariously. When three powerful industries pay fabulous sums to ensure that youth will be forever occupied with adventure—on the films, in the magazines, and on the radio—there is little hope for pop when he enters a protest against these influences in the home.

Parents Protested

Indeed, the whole national probe into juvenile crime and its causes originated in a parents' petition against the sort of programme being broadcast to children. Half a million names were on this petition which reached the National Council for Youth Entertainment.

"For hours on end," wrote the mother of a family inured to a nightly programme of nightmare, "the children listen to a fusillade of shots, the screaming of sirens and women, and the shout of 'Look out! Cops!'"

And a contemporary poet wrote cynically:

"The wee ones huddle together
In time for the evening scare,
To chill their juvenile marrow
And curl their innocent hair."

An English schoolmistress who had served a term in a Southern American school added her own comment: "There is no serious discipline or study," she said. "There is more rudeness and more lack of control than anywhere else in the world. I nearly went mad."

But "Come on, folks, give us kids a chance," wrote fourteen-year old Vicky Newberg to a newspaper. "You'd be surprised what a happy feeling you'd get if you tried to take part in our social lives."

The point Vicky missed is that the young people of America have no intention of admitting their parents to their own social life.

I met a widow with a fifteen-year-old daughter. The mother was not to be comforted by any assurances that for every bad boy or girl there were two good ones.

She discussed her own daughter. The girl is beautiful, intelligent and well-mannered. Already, at fifteen, she is a crowd-stopper, the kind of girl to start a silence when she enters a restaurant. Her mother said: "I have never been so terrified. I know she lies. She tells me nothing of her life, lives in a world of her own making. She is deceitful because she dare not let me into her confidence. More than once she has had secret dates with boys of nearly twenty."

Al, the Newsboy

Yet it is obvious that not all American girls are petting-party veterans at fifteen. Not all American boys dabble in crime.

For example, I cannot see a British boy with the determination of Al. Al brings me the morning paper. He is in business for himself. He has fifty customers and he collects forty-five dollars a month from them. He makes fifteen dollars a week for his hour's work every morning before school. His attitude is: "If I can boost this up to thirty dollars and maybe hire another kid for half the round, I can break out into other territory."

And there's nothing wrong about Douglas Montgomery, whom I ran into this month. Douglas heard shooting, saw two detectives fall dead, saw running gangsters and leapt into action with a police car, working the radio and sending for help. Douglas is ten.

And I wish there were more places like Blochman City for the children of England. They have built a community for the kids at Blochman. Mrs. Bina Fuller, a schoolteacher, thought children could be taught everything they had to know if they ran their own police force, store, newspaper.

For fifteen years, the fifteen-year-old mayors of Blochman have been paid their 500 dollars a year for the job, and have paid out three and a half dollars a day for labour. The fifty citizens of the town have their own bank and the town is assessed at a value of about £8,000.

Then again, when kids like Betty Wagner of Florida go in for organizing fun for youth, they make a big thing out of it. Betty, it is true, had to have the co-operation of an adult who was also a millionaire. But, having persuaded her community to form a youth centre as the war memorial, she took over from there to make it the real answer to the town's serious juvenile delinquency problem.

The centre's board of directors, all over sixteen, handle the financial problems and devise a programme of sports; there's a police force, a modelling class, and a snack bar.

In one year they had a juvenile version of a millionaire's playground, and the members were boys and girls who could have become street-corner types—"wide" characters with an eye to the main chance and girls of the good-time hours.

Yet in this very organization of youth there lies an element of further threat to the dwindling authority parents possess over here. Ironically, but obviously, it is because American children have such invaluable opportunities for development and leisure that parental influence is lacking.

Super-Kindergarten

In a kindergarten I recently visited, local organizations had provided £250 worth of toys and educational equipment for fifty middle-class children. Parents could arrange for their infants to be picked up by a station wagon every morning of the week, with the assurance that for the rest of the day the children would be entertained, instructed, well fed and cared for. It meant a good start in life—but the parent relinquished control of the child.

For later life there are the summer camps where children spend a month away from parents in the mountains or by the sea. These most fortunate children in the world have their horses, their ski-ing and picnics with their contemporaries. For varying prices, the parent can buy that comfortable feeling that the young hopeful is being trained in the manner of a rich man of leisure. He comes home fit, bronzed, happy—and a complete stranger.

There are times in the American home, after the family car has been returned to the garage and the children have visited their parents to see that they are safely in bed, when doubts begin to cross the mind of the head of the house about Young America and its future.

The truth is that the boys and girls of America can be depended on to ignore one influence—that of their parents.

Mr. or Mrs. America is content to pay the staggering bill, shrug a padded shoulder, and shift the responsibility to the Infinite with the comforting and unoriginal remark: "What d'yer expect? That's Youth. That's America."

But it is not good enough to ponder overmuch on the apparently wild behaviour of juveniles in the New World without remembering the child I once saw at a session of the United Nations, weeping openly at the tragedy of civilization. Weeping, while the elders (which means anyone over the age of twenty) read the history of the subject, came to no conclusions, decided on a middle-of-the-road and least-resistance policy—and reached for the comic supplements.

Private View of Sir Malcolm Campbell

THE RESTLESS CHALLENGER

THIS SUMMER, Sir Malcolm Campbell intends driving his speedboat, *Bluebird*, jet propelled across Lake Coniston, in an attempt to improve his own world record of 141.74 m.p.h.

Sir Malcolm is confident of a new record, though uncertain that he will be able to stand up to the noise and supersonic vibrations from which an aircraft pilot would be insulated in a closed cockpit.

But as far as thrust is concerned, the jet will give him all he wants. At maximum speed, they reckon, the boat will either take off or turn over. Sir Malcolm hopes to avoid this eventuality.

At sixty-two, and a grandfather, Sir Malcolm Campbell approaches his new task with a skill achieved through fearless driving for nearly forty years. His father was a diamond merchant, descended from Campbells who bore arms for Bonnie Prince Charlie at Culloden, and founded the solid fortune that enabled his son to pursue one of the most expensive and dangerous hobbies known.

He began racing motor cycles at Brooklands in 1908 and graduated to cars. After the first World War, during which he served first as a dispatch rider, later as a pilot in the R.F.C., he went back to motor racing and worked his gruelling passage up to the top rank of aces with a driving characterized for its daring, resolution and the monotony with which he brought off his wins.

In one road race of 270 miles, the adhesive tape with which his steering wheel had been bound cut through the flesh on his hands until it was agony to touch the wheel, much less steer. He continued the race and won—steering over the last laps partly with the palms of his hands.

Campbell was the first man to reach 150 m.p.h.—in 1925, at Pendine Sands, Carmarthen. In yearly attempts that followed, spurred on by competition of his close friends, J. G. Parry Thomas and Sir Henry Segrave, Campbell reached 206 m.p.h. in 1928, 246.09 m.p.h. in 1931, 253 in 1933, and, in 1937, the unimaginable speed of 301.1 m.p.h. During one of these runs a front tyre burst at 310 m.p.h.

While both Parry Thomas and Segrave had by then been killed for their efforts, Campbell had survived. He was over fifty, and a knight. As he had promised his wife to leave racing cars alone once he had touched 300 m.p.h., it looked as though there was nothing before him but the prospect of a dignified and quiet old age.

Campbell kept his promise to the very letter, but side-tracked his wife's intention by taking up the costly challenge of the water record.

Of the three elements, water was, at rarefied speeds, the most variable and unpredictable. It had accounted for Segrave. Campbell had never driven a speedboat before, but in *Bluebird*, now a boat, with champagne still tingling behind his ears where his wife had patted it on with her fingers after cracking a quart of Pommery 1929 on the prow, he went on one hectic ride after another breaking water speed records now.

One morning in the late summer of 1939 he startled the wild duck rocking complacently along the weedy reaches of Coniston, splintered the peace of the Ruskin country and clocked a world record of 141.74 m.p.h.

Away from his obsession for speed, Campbell is an astute and prosperous businessman, a director of five companies and an underwriter at Lloyd's. He was the first man to issue policies covering newspapers against libel actions.

Without his means Campbell could never have pursued the ephemeral will-o'-the-wisp that has always kept just out of his reach. Campbell's goals have always eluded him. For twenty years he has been the fastest man that has ever moved on land, yet after each victory he has said: "It could have been greater!" and has gone ahead and made it so.

His playthings have cost a fortune, and

while in the old days there was some return from the advertising of motor oils, motor spirit, tyres and sparking plugs, with a few other "perks" thrown in, speed today is a heavy liability.

Campbell's first cars were known as the *Flappers* —*I, II* and so on. They were not very lucky. One evening he saw Maeterlinck's success of the London season, *The Blue Bird*, and sat up all night painting his car blue for the race that Saturday. It was the first *Bluebird* and his luck changed. Ever since his chief cars—the fastest of his fleet—have been *Bluebirds*. There have been more than ten.

To millions of easy-going folks, Campbell is an enigma. "Why the heck can't he sit still and take things easy?" they ask. The answer is he can't. He's too restless.

His wife once wrote: "Never in the whole of our married life have I known him to spend an evening reading a book. Once I did make him stay home and just talk to me. He sat down in an armchair after dinner, looked across at me and said: 'Well, what do you want me to say?'"

CAMPBELL has been impelled through life on his nerves, hastily and impatiently, unable ever to sit still, fidgeting unpredictably about little things like a crooked picture or a tilted glass of sherry, raising Cain on account of the slightest scratch on one of his beloved cars, or examining seemingly inconsequential detail with all the force of his concentration.

This quality, while it has driven him faster and faster over land and water, has made him a very difficult man to live with.

But when he climbs into the cockpit of a racer he is cool and steady. After the ordeal he steps out smiling and delighted, looking ten years younger, having lived through another supreme moment of his life. Oddly, during those brief seconds, he has felt nothing; there has been no sensation, only the grip of intense concentration.

Before an event Campbell never trains—apart from going to bed earlier than usual and cutting down on smoking. His tastes are normal. He likes good food and wine—his cellar is among the finest in the county—but he never drinks alone.

Without his peculiar philosophy of life, he could never have lived the one he has and survived. He is, out and out, a fatalist. "I'll die when my time comes," he once said, "and so will you. There can be no other way. Hang it all, use your common sense. In the first World War men were shot down on either side of me: I wasn't scratched. I've crashed dozens of times, escaping death by the grace of God only. The other day a chimney fell at my feet—just missed my head; it wasn't my time. And what about the tree that came down in the storm last month? I was standing just under it! No, sir, you don't know what you are talking about!"

BUT, as great hunters are over-careful with their weapons, so the ace motorist is when dealing with traffic. If he has to be killed, Campbell is determined it shall not be with the ignominy of being run over. He crosses roads with the utmost care. He looks left, right, left again, then uses the subway. The rest is left to the Finger that guides his destiny.

Last year he performed the drill in Bond Street and, satisfied, stepped gingerly off the pavement. Somebody called out from behind: "Malcolm!" He stopped and looked round as a shining Lagonda flashed by. "You can't be too careful," he warns. "London today is a pedestrian's no-man's-land."

Campbell lives now in a house at Reigate, on the side of a hill, with his dogs, birds and trophies. His interests are, he says, "everything!" and adds: "Everything, my dear fellow, everything!" He has written a lot, and still does regularly, for *The Field*, with the radio at full blast on any programme, even a talk in Japanese, as long as there's noise. He is a keen photographer, gardener, filmgoer.

His inventions range from devices for scaring poachers—shotguns with trip wires that fired red ochre and for which he was once summoned—to a new hydraulic drive for motor boats. In 1940, when in the Army, he designed an armoured car—ninety were ordered by the Government.

His love of animals has kept him breeding dogs all his life—his favourites, airedales, alsatians, cairn terriers. They live in a long row of kennels in his back garden. In the house there are cages of parrots and canaries.

While at Uppingham School, Campbell read Rider Haggard and decided that he, too, would be an adventurer. In 1926 he sailed off to Cocos Island to look for doubloons and treasure he believed lay hidden under a stone, thirty paces to the north from the head of a hidden creek. He found no treasure but lost two stones in weight for his trouble. On another occasion he prospected for gold in the Namib Desert of West Africa, and plans next to try the Kalahari Desert.

"It's for the joy of achievement," he alleges. "There is no greater joy!"

To this dictum—first given when he was boy—may be attributed some of his oddest pranks, none odder, perhaps, than the time a policeman found him free-wheeling downhill on his bicycle, with hands in his pockets. The policeman computed his speed at 28 m.p.h. The fine was twenty-eight shillings.

Campbell was indignant, but what outraged his sense of justice was the case that followed. Here the defendant was found guilty of beating his wife. The fine was 2s. 6d.

DENNIS HOLMAN

The modern schoolboy is lucky if he has even the most dingy textbooks. Shortage is estimated at 35,000,000

BOOKS — BOTTLENECK IN EDUCATION

by CYRIL JAMES

While cheap novels flood the shops, the textbook famine is leading to a crisis in our schools, which could seriously hamper your children's education

NOT SO VERY LONG AGO this sort of schoolroom dialogue was happening in some junior class or other almost every day:

"Smith minor!"

"Sir?"

"What on earth have you been doing to your *Hall and Knight's Algebra*? Eating your dinner off it?"

"No, sir. That is . . . I mean, sir. . . ."

"You mean, sir, that this is a disgusting way to behave. Open your desk. Let me see your other textbooks."

The boy would reluctantly produce an assortment of grubby textbooks, listen glumly while they were denounced and condemned, collect a brand new set, collect, too, a hundred lines just to teach him not to draw sailing ships in all the margins and funny faces in all the capital "O's." Eventually the bill would reach Smith's father who also had something pointed to say about the matter.

Now to the Smith minor of today all this reads like a quaint passage from *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. These days nobody turns on young Smith for using dirty, tattered and torn textbooks. He is extremely fortunate if he possesses a full set of even the dingiest copies. And his big brother at technical school or university, where there is a greater need for individual study, is even worse off.

The shortage of textbooks in British schools and universities has at last reached a point when educationists are seriously alarmed and the teachers say they do not see how they can carry on through the next school year.

Raising the school-leaving age has increased the school population by several hundred thousand. New and extended grants are being made to assist students who wish to enter the universities.

Thousands of teachers are joining the Emergency Training Colleges. Still more thousands of men and women are hoping to resume studies interrupted by war service.

Education moves to a high priority—while books, the essential tools of education, are in shorter supply than ever in living memory. The Government has already agreed to divert 1,000 tons of paper to meet educational needs. But the situation remains bad.

Overall shortage statistics are difficult to ascertain. Eric Fletcher, M.P., former member of the education committee of the London County Council, believes that the shortage of educational textbooks in London alone exceeds 1,000,000. The national deficit has been placed as high as 35,000,000. To which the ordinary citizen might reply: "Well, why not print more textbooks for children at school?"

Publishers reply: "We are printing more textbooks than ever before, but it remains a hopeless fight trying to cope with the orders that swamp our offices."

Our schools are today so short of books that examination work is being seriously hampered, teachers are having to revise their methods—and our oldest and best-equipped universities are begging former graduates to return their books so that new students may use them.

Once again we must blame the war for a shortage.

Reserves were Blitzed

Before the war, at this time of year, publishers of school books would have finished building up their spring stocks, ready for the new orders which used to arrive at the beginning of the school year in August or September. They always kept a twelve months' supply as a warehouse reserve. The blitz struck these warehouses hard and often. Millions of books were destroyed.

Following the evacuation of children from the cities, and the occupation of schools by Services and other war formations, the position worsened. Scores of thousands of books were lost in that chaotic change-over period. The barrel was scraped dry, the reserve wiped out.

Also wiped out during the blitz were 5,000 printing machines. This leaves us today with a mass of badly-worn, over-worked equipment—and because we are so short of casting and foundry machinery, delivery of home-produced machinery is eighteen months to two and a half years from the date of order.

Third cause of this threat to the proper education of our children is the shortage of labour in printing, publishing and binding. It has been estimated that there are 93,000 fewer people engaged in these industries than in 1939 and, although the position is slowly improving, there is still a lot of leeway to be made up.

As a melancholy fourth reason comes the inevitable shortage, not of paper alone, but of cloth and strawboard for binding the textbooks.

At first glance, the people who publish school books do not seem too badly off in this matter. When war started they were cut to sixty per cent of their 1939 supplies. By 1941 supplies were cut to thirty-seven and a half per cent. In 1945 the figure was upped to fifty per cent, and today it stands at eighty per cent of 1939 supplies, including a proportion for export.

Now publishers of newspapers and magazines would be highly delighted if they could get anything like eighty per cent of their 1939 supplies of paper. But educational publishers are in a different and unenviable position. Because of the loss of reserve stocks, they are today hundreds of thousands of copies in arrear on orders already received. It takes an average of twelve months to fulfil an order for many textbooks; things are getting worse. Publishers' "dues" books—in which orders from all parts of the world are entered—are fuller than ever in their history.

How does all this affect your son and daughter in their present-day school life. First of all, it places an unfair handicap on them in their preparation for school examinations. Headmasters are complaining that set books are arriving so late that children have not a fair chance of coping with examinations.

The difficulty becomes even more acute when a

MISSING—TWO YEARS AFTER

The fate of thousands of "missing" British airmen has still to be established. For the sake of their families the search must go on

BY THE END OF THE EUROPEAN WAR, 30,000 members of R.A.F. aircrews were listed as "missing." Most of them, it had to be assumed, had crashed to death, and as time passed without news of a man, the more certain it appeared that he had been killed.

But a heavy burden of suspense rested on the relatives of missing men who refused to give up hope even when the authorities—more logical—had "written off" certain airmen.

So in July, 1945, the Air Ministry instituted the R.A.F. Missing Research and Enquiry Service to discover the fate of every missing aircrew.

Ever since that time special units have been busy searching out the places where our aircraft crashed, locating graves and identifying the dead. In this way, in France alone, the remains of 2,500 crashed airmen have been found, out of a total of 7,000 missing in that country when hostilities ceased. Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Norway have been completely combed.

This tough task has been appreciated by the relatives of missing men; it has brought certainty and peace of mind to appreciable numbers.

That is why the announcement that at the end of June the unit in France will practically cease to exist as an effective searching force is a disappointment. Treasury demands are believed to be behind the decision to cut it down to a small headquarters staff. Most search officers will be withdrawn and it will be left to the people of France, Germany and other countries to report any wartime crashed aeroplane they may discover.

Yet thousands of missing airmen have still to be accounted for.

The unit working in France consisted of one headquarters and six search sections. Five or six officers and between thirty and forty airmen worked at H.Q. A search section was made up of five officers, five drivers and five cars.

Strange Clues

The "clues" which started them on their searches came in the strangest ways. A French farmer might mention, during a gossip in the market, that he had seen a bomber fall in flames near his farm when the area was under German occupation. This report would filter back to headquarters, the search section would visit the farmer, question him and start combing the district. Perhaps the broken branch of a tree might point the way to an isolated morass where an aircraft would be found practically submerged.

Over bare mountainsides, through woods and forests, this search has gone on and on. Flying at tree-top height, aircraft spotters did reconnaissance for the searchers on the ground.

Each search has certainly been thorough enough. On August 26, 1944, a Canadian flying officer was reported missing. His next-of-kin later heard from a Frenchwoman that she had sheltered this officer as late as September 5, 1944. They asked the R.A.F. for more details. A search officer interviewed the Frenchwoman, and soon it was apparent she had mixed up her dates.

Still, that did not clear up his exact fate. It was found that the Germans, suspecting a family was sheltering a Canadian airman, visited the house several times and finally the S.S. carried off the fourteen-year-old son of the house and tortured him until he confessed that the Canadian was hidden in his home. The father and the officer were taken out and shot, together with several French hostages. The airman was wearing civilian clothes and was buried as a French civilian.

Arrangements were made to exhume the airman's body. Parts of his underclothing gave proof of his identity. The remains were transferred to a British military cemetery.

German Records Help

The Air Ministry has records of all raids showing which aircraft failed to return to base. Information is gathered from seized German records. The search is then handed over to the unit which covers the appropriate area. Search officers question mayors of communes, police, peasants. Often the flames have left little trace of the crash and the remains have been buried as "Unknown." In these cases, exhumations take place.

Fully seventy-five per cent of the bodies exhumed have been identified—though some had been buried for six years or even longer. Officers have been trained to know exactly the clues to look for.

The units also carry out their own "sweeps" of their areas. Visits have disclosed half-forgotten evidence of crashes, some dating from the early part of the war. When all the information is collated—date of crash, aircraft type and number—a coherent story emerges. The Air Ministry then links the evidence with its own records.

It is, of course, clear that such search units cannot continue indefinitely. There must come a time when the searches have to be abandoned. But, with 4,500 missing men still to be discovered in France alone, the drastic curtailment of the work at this moment looks rather premature.

Certainly the people of the Allied nations will not relax their efforts to report any discoveries to the military authorities, and casual discoveries may be expected from occupying troops.

But officers and men of the search units are likely to be left with the feeling that their work is being cut short just as they have acquired experience. To the public, the decision to dispense with it will appear a matter of conscience rather than of Service or Treasury expediency.

We are left to face the disturbing question:

Is this the time to call off the search? Are we to abandon so soon a task that has brought peace of mind to so many who sacrificed their fathers, husbands and sons?

ALAN SHORT

Continued from previous page

new syllabus is introduced for an examination. Such a syllabus calls for new textbooks. But where can they be found?

Then again the whole structure of teaching is constantly changing. Normally this would be accompanied by an issue of new textbooks.

Yet recently an educational publisher with 1,200 titles on his list announced that all reprintings would have to be deferred from two to three years.

If this is happening to established textbooks in proved demand, what hope can there be for the printing of books which incorporate new knowledge or new methods of teaching? The danger is obvious. Modern education cannot be tied to the textbooks of a past generation.

Another not so obvious danger is that delays can never be made up. A child is eleven only *once*. If his education suffers in the eleven-to-twelve phase, there is no catching up—the phase has been missed for ever.

The position is not helped by the fact that textbooks produced under wartime conditions are frailer and wear out far more quickly than prewar books. Schoolbooks, carefully treated, used to have a working life of up to twenty years. The modern book has not the slightest chance of such a survival.

Shortage of textbooks does not affect merely the elementary and high schools. Medical students, engineers, teachers in training, agriculturists are all trying to study for their future. Books are as necessary to them as daily bread—and much harder to get.

Not long ago publishers were given permission to import freely from the United States advanced textbooks suitable for use in universities. American publishers were quick to oblige. But while such moves help to relieve the shortage, they also threaten our once-flourishing and world-wide export trade in textbooks. Already there are signs that we are losing markets in Australia and South Africa.

Solving the Problem

What is to be done about this situation which may eventually strike at the Government's plans for the education of our children?

A big beginning might be made if educational publishers could be given an allocation of paper *in excess* of their 1939 standard so that they could start rebuilding their reserve stocks.

Then again, there might be increased standardization of textbooks. A referendum among teachers might establish the textbooks most in use and demand. For the emergency period, printings could be restricted to these titles.

And what has happened to the thousands of textbooks printed for Services education units? In 1945 a drive was started to produce 2,750,000 books for Services education. Where are they now?

Labour shortages will sooner or later adjust themselves. In the meantime, some degree of labour priority in these industries might help.

Examiners should no longer be allowed to follow their personal inclinations in setting examination books in short supply. Above all, the provision of textbooks should be placed on a national basis and there should be much more co-operation between the Ministry of Education, the Ministry of Labour and the Board of Trade in dealing with the situation.

The problem does not admit any delay. Every school term, cramped by shortages and improvizations, leaves its mark on the oncoming generation. We cannot afford to withhold from the citizens of tomorrow means of instruction which will fit them to face the not over-bright heritage we are handing on.

Otherwise we might as well scrap our grandiose schemes for education and retread the road that ends in Mr. Squeers, the penny-school, horn-book and slate.

FACING FACTS • THE PIPE HABIT • CONSISTENCY OF IDEAS • WEALTH OR FAME • PUTTING IT ON PAPER

—These are the topics, raised by John Bull readers, with which J. B. Priestley deals this week

Priestley's Page

Q. "Is it not true that many of our present troubles are caused by the reluctance of responsible people to face unpleasant facts?"

THERE is a contradiction here, because people can hardly be called "responsible" unless they are prepared to face unpleasant facts.

But a reluctance to face unpleasant facts, until a crisis arrives, is undoubtedly an English characteristic. (The fact that we are pretty good in an actual crisis might be explained by our feeling of release and of having energy to spare when we can dodge no longer.)

Between the wars our reluctance to face unpleasant facts (e.g. our unemployment problem and the growing menace of Fascism) was appalling.

We are nothing like so bad now. Nevertheless, I doubt if many people have really faced the fact that we are no longer a rich nation and must work hard to keep ourselves going.

That is why I believe that if we had been rather worse off, after the war, we might have been better off now, if only because we could have arrived at a crisis at once, and not wasted time pretending that a big effort was no longer necessary.

Reluctance to face the facts is easily discovered in the following weaknesses: insistence by workers on shorter hours; unnecessary time-wasting habits of the Civil Service; drain of labour into unessential work; stupid grumbling by the middle classes; unscrupulous and really unpatriotic political tactics of some sections of the Press; and the failure of the Government to turn an economic plan into a fiery crusade.

Q. "Is it better to smoke a pipe than cigarettes? And if so, how does one best cultivate the pipe habit?"

EVERY man to his own taste, but I do believe a pipe is preferable. And for various good reasons.

It is possible to enjoy to the full far more *kinds* of tobacco in a pipe. I think pipe smokers find more conscious pleasure in tobacco than cigarette smokers do.

The pipe is more economical, probably not so bad for the throat and lungs, and far more convenient for the man who has to do much writing, reading and close work. (Incidentally, it is the huge army of cigarette smokers, who do not even consume all the Virginia they insist upon lighting, that has put us so heavily in debt to America.)

I know that many men say that they have tried a pipe but cannot enjoy it because it burns their tongue, etc. I think one reason why so many of these fellows fail at a pipe is that they insist upon beginning with the very mildest tobacco, which is apt to be very hot, the stronger varieties being much cooler.

A brand-new pipe, which may be rather too short or light, crammed with quick-burning mild tobacco, hardly gives the smoker a chance to enjoy himself.

The beginner should try a fair-sized pipe and should ask for a cool, slow-burning type of tobacco; and then he should take it easy with the thing, and not puff away as if he were trying to race a steamboat.

Q. "Is consistency of ideas and opinions a virtue or a vice?"

RIGID consistency of the mind is, in my view, a very dangerous weakness, capable of doing much harm. Naturally people should not be changing their minds every few hours, but nevertheless they will do well not to be mulishly obstinate and then imagine they have more integrity and virtue than other persons. In public life especially, a fanatical consistency, which refuses to adjust itself to new facts and changing situations, can be very dangerous indeed.

Great statesmen are never of this type, and have often appeared to be strangely inconsistent to their contemporaries. (Lincoln, for example, was often denounced as a cunning opportunist in his own time.) Lenin, a truly great man, never exhibited the fanatical rigidity of mind that makes argument impossible with some Communists; he did not hesitate to modify his views when the changing situation demanded some modification. This is genuine wisdom.

Of all creatures on this earth, Man has proved himself to be the most adaptable, and this is his real strength. A rigid consistency is the enemy of this power of adapting oneself to circumstances. The world at the moment is suffering from certain small but powerful groups that lack this power of adaptation.

We in Britain are often accused of being far too illogical and inconsistent. But this in fact is the strength of our political and social life, and not by any means its weakness.

Q. "Would you rather be wealthy but unknown or poor but famous?"

POOR but famous, of course. Even if I thought only in economic terms, I would still rather be poor but famous, because it is not likely that any famous man would be poor very long, even if he did not become wealthy.

On the other hand, a wealthy man in the contemporary world has no guarantee that he will be able to remain rich.

But there are many other considerations. A wealthy man might easily find it difficult to make friends who really cared about him and his company and not merely about his money.

A famous man would have infinitely better opportunities of making real friends.

Q. "Whenever I have had to write something, I have had to do it over and over again. What happens with professional writers?"

IT is my experience that professional writers can be divided into two classes.

There are those who do not really know what it is they want to say until they have actually put something down on paper. They are the writers—and there are many distinguished ones among them—who write a novel, a play or an essay over and over again.

The other class of writers consists of those who do most of the work in their head before actually putting it down in writing, and as a rule they do not need to do much re-writing. They do not generally work as fast as the other types, but because they need do little re-writing, in the end it does not take them as much time to do the job.

This distinction is purely one of temperament and method, and there are good and bad writers in each class. (I happen to belong to the second class myself. I start slowly and reluctantly, but once I have got going I do not find it necessary to do much re-writing.)

*** If you have a question for Mr. Priestley send it on a postcard to the Editor. No letters, requests or appeals, please

PHOTOGRAPHS OF JOHN MAY BY WILLIAM KEMP

TAKE A SPADE AND START DIGGING

by JOHN MAY

"Dig for Victory" has become "Dig for Plenty"—but the new message is no less urgent. A garden or allotment gives us a chance to do something really practical about the food shortage. Besides, to grow things can be fun

TAKE OFF THE COAT and turn up the shirt-sleeves of the average Briton, and underneath you find a gardener—a good one. He comes home from work, has his meal—and gets busy. Perhaps he only scratches over a bit the size of a tablecloth. But multiplied by the thousands similarly engaged, how that bit can mount up!

Gardens and allotments grew two and a half million tons of potatoes and more than six million tons of other vegetables in the six years of war. It was an amazing spare-time victory.

It is nevertheless difficult to talk big about such down-to-earth jobs as digging and hoeing. There is more sweat and backache than glamour about them. But today, again, Britain needs more digging and hoeing than many citizens realize.

"A pretty grim picture," said Tom Williams, the Minister of Agriculture. He was speaking on the radio of what last winter did to farming and food production. Weeks and months of rations for the whole nation were lost. We stand nearer to possible famine in the British Isles than we have done since the first World War.

In those days I was a small boy in Birmingham. Our allotment was more than a mile from the house. But I never minded walking to the plot to fetch vegetables. It meant I could grub up a carrot to munch raw. We were pretty hungry. The time before that when Britain was worried about food was last century, in the "Hungry Forties." It was then that the allotment idea first started.

Spade, Seeds—and Sweat

Grab a spade and start digging. That has always been the average Briton's commonsense answer to the threat of not enough to eat. An amazing amount of good food—very often better than can be bought in the shops—will grow on a comparatively small piece of ground. The recipe is simple: spade, seeds, common sense—and sweat.

Let me make your mouth water by describing some of the fruits of our garden in Essex, a few miles north of Epping Forest. I am not a good gardener; I'm too spasmodic. But town friends sit down to our table and say: "You certainly do yourselves pretty well."

Perhaps at breakfast they have a fried duck's egg and fried tomatoes. Our half-dozen ducks live off an extremely small share of the house scraps, plus what they can find for themselves. We grew the tomatoes outdoors against the south wall of the house last year—and then bottled them.

There is little meat to offer at the midday dinner, so we fill visitors up with three or sometimes four vegetables. Greens, carrots, mashed parsnips, perhaps runner beans salted down last year, onions and potatoes to make a plateful. We stage a surprise sweet with a plum or gooseberry pie, or apple tart, made from fruit grown on the premises, picked by me and bottled by my wife.

Half a dozen hens have the rest of the house scraps; privileged guests can have a chicken's egg boiled for tea. But mostly we preserve the chicken eggs for winter cooking. And thanks to the swarm of bees that settled years ago in my parents' garden, there is sometimes honey.

"All this for nothing!" cry our town guests. That makes us laugh. The price of our "plenty" is backache and sweat in the garden, inching and pinching with sugar, fat and fuel in the kitchen.

Bottling and jam-making to last a family of four for a year is a hot, tiring job for a woman on top of the day's housework. It involves hundreds of bottles and jars, plus a lot of forethought and calculation. "Less rhubarb and more apple this year; last year the rhubarb did not go so well." That sort of thing.

Barter is Barred

Even a few chickens and ducks are a tie. The weird bits and pieces they live on have to be boiled up, and mixed with the sawdust-like stuff we are told is "balancer meal."

We never barter eggs for other food. We never sell any, though we are told they would fetch five or six shillings a dozen. Sometimes we give a friend a couple—secretly, so that we are not pestered by his friends and his friends' friends.

"... *All this for nothing!*"

Well, most of it is there for anybody who is willing to offer the same price—hurrying home to shut up the chickens; seldom having time for cinemas; never going to a football match.

The allotment movement has grown steadily in Britain for a hundred years. It is the blossoming, in the midst of towns, of man's urge to husbandry, to till the soil. Yes, sir, it's the blood of your farming ancestors telling the factory and the office that Britons never shall be slaves.

Hungry farmworkers were first allowed allotments about 1840 to supplement their meagre wages. By 1914 the movement was spreading to the towns, and allotments totalled 400,000. Returning ex-Servicemen with land-hunger knocked the number up to 1,500,000 by 1920. It dropped between the wars and hit the peak again in 1942. The figure today is down to 1,100,000 because so many sites have been taken over for housing.

When I was a lad allotments were a maze of plots, each with its wall of turf piled at one end to rot before being dug back into the soil. Bits of old iron bedsteads were used for ramshackle fencing. Ugly and decrepit huts seemed to grow more thickly than the vegetables. Most blocks of allotments were an eyesore.

Today allotments have acquired a new respect-

John May practises what he preaches. Phase one: Give the soil a good dig

Phase two: Winkle out those weeds. Backache? It'll pay you dividends

Phase three: Take a rake to it. A small plot can yield a lot of food

ability. In an extension of the Quaker building opposite London's Euston Station, I talked to the two men mainly responsible for this new status.

For years there were two national allotment organizations. They used to fight like cats. Now, in the offices of the National Allotments and Gardens Society, the ex-rivals, G. W. Giles and S. J. Merrells, sit opposite one another, their desks touching. They take turns to throw rapid-fire facts at the bewildered caller.

"Birmingham is the biggest allotment centre in the country, old man; 18,000 there."

"Oxford City is good, too."

"Cardiff; there's a scheme for you! £53,000 for reclaiming and draining the land. Roads and everything—103 acres of permanent allotments."

What was once a substitute for parish relief is now a highly organized institution. Allotment organizations began first as local affairs. Croydon started one of the most successful in 1914. By 1917 allotments were a part of our national life. *Punch* published its cartoon of a potato defying a U-boat commander and saying: "Tuber uber Alles!"

Now more than 4,000 local bodies are affiliated to the parent N.A.S. The Leeds Federation's annual report is a meaty example of the wealth of assistance given to members:

> *Damage by trespass, compensation obtained. Another trespass case, offender fined. Rabbits giving trouble, dealt with by a vermin killer. Illegal notice to quit, landowner approached and not necessary to pursue matter. Illegal entry, compensation obtained for dispossessed tenants.*

More pleasing activities include running shows and providing judges. Then there's the matter of negotiating for water installations and sanitary accommodation, and providing supplies of lime, fertilizer and seeds.

Help For the Unlucky

Some of the associations have a strong social side, and they look after members who fall on hard times. As Giles, the national secretary puts it: "Tom Brown has an accident which incapacitates him when the gardening season opens. The association arranges to have his garden dug; provides him with a load of manure or finds him a few seeds."

Hospitals and infirmaries receive help, and there is a surprising number of blind allotment holders.

The policy of the National Allotments Society in a sentence is: "Permanent allotments at reasonable rents for all who require them." It is campaigning for reinstatement of "allotmenteers" dispossessed since war. Many of these are bitter because their plots were commandeered months ago for housing, but no building has started yet. In the time wasted they could have grown good crops.

The N.A.S. is working, too, in the House of Commons, for improved legislation for the allotment movement. Merrells, the national organizer, is keen to see allotments regarded as a recreation like bowls, or tennis or golf, "instead of treating them as an expedient to be encouraged in times of stress and national emergency."

The idea is taking root. Go-ahead local councils work seriously at permanent schemes. There is a growing movement to make groups of allotments into pleasing local amenities. The tendency is to call in experts like Richard Sudell, the landscape architect, to draw up model plans.

Entrances, fences, roads and paths are properly laid out. Trees are sited to make windbreaks, flowering shrubs to break up the bareness. Instead of the rash of huts, there is a central pavilion. Frequently each plot has its fruit tree; sometimes a neat, standardized greenhouse and hut combined. Cold frames and tools for hire, incinerators and a no-bonfire rule, demonstration plots, wardens in charge, public seats, car parks, tea gardens—the refinements are endless. The allotment has come to town and bought a shining top hat.

Wilderness Behind the Villa

But the urgent need of today is not so much the niceties as the necessities: more allotment gardens to dig, more gardeners to dig 'em. A bit of backache and sweat invested in some existing "gardens" would not come amiss either.

Behind many a suburban villa lies a wilderness. You seldom see a neglected garden in the country. Yet the farmworker has far less time for gardening than the average townsman. When the weather is good for gardening, the farmer wants his man on the land every daylight hour.

I know one farmworker whose wife digs their whole garden every year. Another farmhand usually does his by moonlight. My old grandfather dug his two plots until he was well over eighty. As the years went by a full-size fork became too heavy for him. So he used a stubby one with five-inch tines, double trenching the ground to get the right depth.

On the next farm the garden is kept in "apple pie" order by a man who refuses to accept payment. The farmer provides the seeds, fertilizers, and sundries. They share the produce.

This kind of share-cropping could often be worked by the town-dweller with a desolate garden. There are plenty of enthusiasts willing to take on a bit more land.

And it is not too late to do anything this year. The ground may be hard to dig, but it will be harder to go short of food next winter.

Not many weeks ago the Ministry of Agriculture launched its new Dig for Plenty Campaign to follow up the wartime Dig for Victory drive with the words: "The need for all who can to grow their own vegetables is just as great now as it was in the worst days of the war."

Greater, I would say. The effect of the flooding cannot yet be truly judged. Britain will feel the pinch in the hungry gap between seasons early next year. We may have to face a food crisis on the anniversary of this year's fuel crisis.

You Won't Lack Advice

A host of vegetables can be sown or planted even now. Some will come to maturity this autumn, others will be ready between November and next April. Beetroot, broccoli, cabbage, carrots, leeks, onions, parsnips, peas, runner beans, turnips, and so on.

Ignorance of how to dig or plant or hoe is no excuse. The radio, the newspapers, the seed packets, the Ministry of Agriculture leaflets are stuffed with advice. Allotment associations and gardening societies long to help. Once you begin, knowledgeable neighbours will spring up round you.

Thousands came fresh to allotment gardening in wartime. They did wonderfully well at it. There is no great mystery about tilling the soil, despite the way some old gardeners try to haze us up with science and superstition. The secret is mainly willingness to work.

What we want now is half a million recruits.

I know there are waiting lists for plots in some districts, but on the whole there should be no difficulty in finding one to cultivate. Some allotments are provided by private landlords. In the main, they are the responsibility of local councils.

The normal size is ten square rods, poles or perches. That is, a piece of ground about ten yards wide by thirty yards long, making 300 square yards—enough to provide vegetables for a family of three. The law is that such allotment gardens *must* be provided by the local authority if six ratepayers in the district get together to ask for them.

Of course, if local opinion insists on a sports ground instead, the council may have difficulty in finding room for both.

Sport is fine. But gardening itself is a good answer to the problem of increased leisure. What other pastime is so healthy, and so productive? Nothing can compare with the god-like sensation of seeing things grow under one's care.

It helps the housekeeping. It helps the nation.

I personally take a devilish delight, too, in the fact that no greedy middleman gets a cut from the fresh food my garden grows. Moreover, for the overtime I put in with spade and hoe, the luscious payment-in-kind is free of "pay-as-you-earn."

Dig for plenty? There's plenty to dig for. The first nine words of this article tell us what we have to do. "Take off the coat and turn up the shirt-sleeves!"

ON THE TRAIL OF TOMORROW (20)

PLYMOUTH STARTS FROM SCRATCH

by GORDON BECKLES

Though hailed as a national model, the Plymouth Plan, sequel to the blitz, is held up because of private objections

Legacy of the Luftwaffe's concentrated bombing. The new Plymouth? Still on paper

H.M.S. "Vanguard" enters Devonport Dockyard. Prewar Plymouth was dependent on the Navy

THE GIRL WAS SAYING that she had not cared for Greer Garson's last film so much, and then said that it was all very well being one of these G.I. brides but you never knew what it might be like when you got to the other side.

"It's a bit of a puzzle," said the girl.

And the young Fleet Air Arm boy nodded and added that you couldn't tell what was going to happen next in the air in England, either.

"Like coming down on the top of auntie's cottage at Tavistock," giggled the girl.

"Yes," said the sailor. "What was the name of her last film?"

It was that sort of conversation.

Listening to it—which I could not avoid—in that shelter on The Hoe, I thought again that the whole Plymouth scene oddly symbolized so much of Britain's state of mind today. The inconsequent chatter of this West Country couple was all part of it—its confusion of thought, its brave hopes, its uncertainty, its challenges, its temptations to assume "we've had it" and run away, and its questioning of accepted values.

It was on this patch of grass that Sir Francis Drake said there was no hurry, no hurry at all; and was hailed as the ideal Englishman. Today such a philosophy would border on sabotage!

Plymouth: you come down to this last red soil of England through some of the world's loveliest and richest farming land. Behind you are the sprawling factories, the belching chimneys, the acres of mean streets and the devastation wreaked by industry—until, from the windows of the train, you see great chunks of virgin England unchanged since Elizabeth's day, or anybody's day since time began.

Then you come to Plymouth. If you haven't been here since blitz days you may get lost in what was once the city centre, and have the feeling that you are walking about in a nightmare.

But that is only part of the picture.

You walk up to this plateau that they call The Hoe and see that Plymouth is all but an island. This is one of the world's finest views.

It is a site for an Athens.

Over to the west the towering gantries of Devonport, and in the foreground some unsightly grey buildings, remind you that it has never been anything of the kind. This Plymouth before the blitz was an untidy, happy-go-lucky slum.

Plymouth—in the words of the girl—has always been a bit of a puzzle.

Mark first that there was no real reason for Plymouth's being a city until ships-of-war became more complicated affairs than spars and sails; that it is built on infertile soil; that there is no coal or iron for miles; that, in short, Plymouth was just one of the Navy's backyards. Even the people were without "factory minds." They are *"Wast Country"* folk with easy-going natures. No wonder Drake's leisurely game of bowls was an ideal.

It had grown to be a city of about 220,000, dependent upon the naval dockyard—for it has never developed itself as a passenger or cargo port.

Then came Hitler's almost inspired bombing, destroying the ugly centre of the city. By 1943 the civic fathers realized that the future either held a really new Plymouth or no Plymouth at all.

Like a Big Exhibition

This led to the Plymouth Plan of 1944, the first ever to be submitted to the new Ministry of Town and Country Planning.

Most people have heard of the Plymouth Plan because it has inspired so many similar plans up and down the country. On paper (which is all that has happened so far) it looks like the plan of a big exhibition—avenues and courts and circles.

The centre, having been conveniently obliterated, makes an ideal pivot. There will be a monumental parkway leading down from the height of The Hoe, and grouped around it shopping centres and all the civic offices of tomorrow.

So much for the centre, where it is planned to house the population at a hundred persons to the acre, half in flats and half in terrace houses. Before the war Plymouth was one of the most disgracefully overcrowded places in the country—disgraceful because there was no industrial excuse.

Then there will be garden-city suburbs with a housing scale of fifty persons to the acre, and an outer region with an even sparser population.

The whole Plymouth Plan will be the country's model of civic reconstruction: or will it?

This is where the trouble has started.

I asked several people if they could direct me to "The Crescent," and I finally found myself looking at a rather gloomy row of early Victorian houses in the centre of the city. Some time ago the owners of this property realized that they stood dead in the way of the utopian scheme of the new central Plymouth, and they appealed against the order made by the Ministry of Town Planning.

It was all just another case of whether the individual or the community was to be given first consideration: but it was an astonishing position.

Just imagine a row of spacious residential dwellings in any town that you know, three of them destroyed by the blitz. No. 1 will be demolished for a new road. The owners of Nos. 2 and 3 did not appeal against the Government order. Nos. 5 to 7 will be demolished for the new Plymouth, but others don't want to be. Certainly, as the matter now stands, any sort of town planning is quite impossible.

Other properties, too, are protesting legally against being taken over and destroyed. Until the whole question is thrashed out, the dream of new cities in Britain will remain—a dream.

But who is going to live in this new Plymouth?

That is the question I asked when I was told that the population has sunk to about 180,000. I know one who is going to live there, however, and that is why I started this report by telling of the young Plymouth girl chatting away up on The Hoe to her boy friend.

Plymouth sees herself as a new industrial area, and this girl was going to work in a new clothing factory.

It is the same story I have heard all over Britain, of employers courting female labour, as being more tractable, more reliable in certain ways, and usually cheaper than men.

But first of all Plymouth needs about 12,000 new homes. And one of the reasons is that this west-country capital is setting an example to the whole country, its birthrate is rising so sharply.

I take off my hat to this blitzed, untidy piece of rock. It is making as noble an effort to start all over again as any city in the country.

Whether or not its dreams will come true, well, that (as the girl said) is a bit of a puzzle.

Next week—"Journey's End." Gordon Beckles sums up Britain's "tomorrow."

FREE SPEECH

★ How to Clear Up the Food Muddle
★ Employers Set Standards Too High
★ Our M.P.s Should Vote from Conviction

CLAUD MORRIS, in his JOHN BULL articles on the food deadlock, directed attention to things some of us have been shouting about on village greens for nearly a quarter of a century.

No one would deny that the output from British farms can be greatly increased, and that this is a desirable and, indeed, imperative objective. Changes in the organization of the industry are needed; changes so great that even a Labour Government cannot make them all at once. The assured market and the guaranteed price are steps in the right direction.

Adequate use must be made by farmers of the expert technical advice now placed at their service; this will open the way for securing higher yields, better quality, and lower costs of production. And for the farm worker agriculture must be made financially as attractive an occupation as any other.

Emphasis is rightly placed on the reform of distribution. It is crass stupidity complacently to tolerate the depredations of unnecessary middlemen, who do not bring producers and consumers together, but rather form a barrier between them.

It should not be beyond the wit of our statesmen to devise a scheme for the equitable distribution of food from source of supply right to the consumer.—E. G. GOOCH, House of Commons.

. Mr. Gooch is Labour M.P. for North Norfolk.

View from the Queue

A SALUTE to Claud Morris for his fearless exposure of the food racketeers. In urging the Government to act at once, he has echoed the fervent cry of an army of harassed women shoppers.

The women of the country will stand solidly behind Morris and JOHN BULL in a fight to end food rackets.—MRS. W. KNOWLES, 3 Highfield Cottages, May Bank, Newcastle-under-Lyme.

Non-Profit Distributors

HERE IS A PARTIAL SOLUTION for the food deadlock: form a non-profit earning organization to buy direct from the right kind of market gardener and farmer.

Such an organization could offer the producers far better prices than they get now, and could sell to the public at substantially lower prices than they now have to pay.—J. O. GAIRDNER, c/o Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 72 Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

Cut the Interference

SO MR. MORRIS WANTS more controls and more Boards, does he? The more the Government interferes with the work of us farmers, the less food people will get.

Farm produce is perishable stuff. If we're to have more officials sitting on our necks and more forms to waste our time, our greenstuffs will be rotten before they ever reach the shops.—P. H. BERTRAM, Hill Rise, Felixstowe, Kent.

. These are a selection of the many readers' letters still coming in on Claud Morris's food series.

Filing (Matric. Essential)

MANY YOUNG MEN and women, particularly those who have served in the Forces, are alarmed at the high standard of education demanded these days by employers.

In recent advertisements, matriculation was demanded of applicants for the position of filing clerk and nothing less than a university degree would satisfy somebody who wanted a librarian at £250 a year.—WILFRED PUGH, LL.B., Parndon, Greyfriars Road, Shrewsbury.

"Yes-Men" in the Commons

A LABOUR MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT who dares to vote against the Government is classified as a rebel.

What is the use of electing a representative to the House if he is not allowed to vote according to his convictions?

Must our M.P.s be "yes-men"?—D. W. HENLEY, 144 Bromley Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Gone with the Wind

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW, visiting us for a holiday, bought my little daughter a sixpenny balloon. It was a poor thing. The shopkeeper blew it up and tied it

. . . a penny extra

with a bit of string. Then he asked for sevenpence. A penny for the wind?—MRS. MARGARET WHITE (address enclosed).

World State the Saviour

R. FOX URGES BRITAIN to disarm as an example to the rest of the world (JOHN BULL, May 24). His solution, while a step in the right direction, does not go far enough.

Nothing short of a world state can save us. The one alternative is extermination. Mankind today must realize that against this one overriding question — survival or destruction — all other issues, such as capitalism, Communism, prestige, economic interests, are secondary.

I firmly believe that, were this issue made clear, we should all prefer citizenship of a world state to exclusive ownership of six feet of earth—in a graveyard. R. FLOWER, 53 Windsor Court, London, N.W.11.

Mind Your Bike

EVERY BICYCLE SHOULD now be licensed and a definite age laid down for riding a full-size machine. No licence should be issued for a bike that is not in good repair.

If these rules were made, children would be unable to ride ramshackle machines, and there would be more safety on the roads because youngsters would no longer be able to ride bicycles far too big for them.—JOHN JEPSON (aged eighteen), 658 Barnsley Road, Firvale, Sheffield 5.

Our Male Film Stars

BRITISH FILMS are improving so much in quality that they are rightly taking an important place in our export programme.

But their weakness is in the young male romantic "leads." They seem to me stilted and too obviously "West End" in speech and clothes.—M. JEROME DOWNES, 66 Evered Avenue, Liverpool 9.

Foolish To Be Clannish

AN APPEAL HAS BEEN MADE to members of the Cameron clan to reconstitute themselves in London.

I consider that this Scottish habit of boosting the clans is really evidence of a national inferiority complex. Birth is an accident that a person has no control over; therefore, the man who boasts about his clan connection is merely being foolish. — IAN A. CAMERON, Hillside Avenue, Alexandria, Dumbartonshire.

Giving the children fun adds to holiday zest, says a reader. "Leave them behind? Selfish"

No Fun Without the Kids

THE SUGGESTION that parents should take their holidays without their children (JOHN BULL, May 10) strikes a fantastic and selfish note.

For me, one of the greatest pleasures of holidaymaking is providing enjoyment for the kiddies. I would never dream of going either to the seaside or to the country without them.—G. A. WOOD, Holly Mount, Holmfirth, Yorks.

. A reader advocated holidays without children so that parents could have a real change. Her idea that neighbours could be guardians on a reciprocal basis has been cold-shouldered by thirty fond parents.—EDITOR.

Tripe Bob, the Barber

YOUR RECENT LETTER about an old barber who defended the "good old twelve-hour days" (JOHN BULL, April 26) reminded me of a local character—Tripe Bob.

He used to shave people on Sunday mornings after they had stayed in the public houses too late the night before. He would spit on his lather brush and occasionally gave the razor a few strokes on the doorstep. He had a hole in the floor for his heel and expected his customers to pull their faces against the razor. If anyone mentioned a cut he used to point to his cat and say: "Tommy has to live."

Those were certainly the good old days.—HIBBERT LIGHTBOWN, 19 Elswick Street, Darwen, Lancs.

Belmonte, the Bullfighter

LOREN THOMAS deserves congratulations for his fine short story, "Matador" (JOHN BULL, May 3). I enjoyed every line of it, as it took my memory back twenty-five years when I was serving as a soldier at Gibraltar.

I think I am right in saying that the famous bullfighter, Belmonte, whom your author mentions, was gored and killed at Madrid during my regiment's spell of duty on "The Rock."—E. LOCKERBY, 122 Fernhead Road, Paddington, London, W.9.

Postscript on Non-Smoking

MY HUSBAND—a twenty-five cigarettes a day man—is still suffering the ill effects of giving up entirely after the budget. He has had bad giddy turns and shows signs of a failing memory.—MRS. E. A., Worcester. (Name and address enclosed.)

★ *LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.*

JOHN BULL QUIZ

INTERNATIONAL

(1) What is the Hispanidad? (2) What does Clause Two of the Atlantic Charter deal with? (3) What was discussed at Bretton Woods; Dumbarton Oaks? (4) What is the aim of Federal Union? (5) Why do we not buy increased quantities of Empire tobacco if we are short of dollars?

BIRDS

(1) By what name is the ousel now better known? (2) Fully-grown robins have red breasts; what is the colouring of their breasts before their first moulting? (3) Which is the only hawk surviving in Britain? (4) One talks of a bevy of quails; what is the collective noun for geese, partridges, starlings, snipe? (5) Which bird is known as the Northern Nightingale?

CARTOONS

(1) In what way was Dumbo different from other elephants? (2) Who created "The Little Man"; "Billy Brown of London Town"; "The Arkubs"; "Colonel Blimp"? (3) Is the whole picture of a film cartoon redrawn for every movement? (4) Who draws "Steve Canyon" and "Oh, Johnny," and where can these strips be seen? (5) Which cartoon figure kept on walking?

LAW

(1) Can you name the four principal grounds for divorce? (2) Having bought a ticket for a scheduled train, can you claim a seat; demand the train shall run? (3) What is the difference between Statute and Common Law? (4) What is the maximum interest on a loan sanctioned by the law? (5) What are flotsam; jetsam; ligan?

YOUR BODY

(1) The proportion of water in your body is about 10, 35, 65, 97 per cent? (2) How many teeth does a normal human being grow in the course of his life? (3) As you grow older does your pulse beat faster or slower? (4) Which are the hottest parts of your body? (5) Which are the five senses?

(*Answers on page 22*)

As I was saying...

Exclusive John Bull feature in which Herbert Hodge draws on his wide experience of life—and people

MENTAL BLINKERS

THE AMERICAN COLUMNIST, Carl Sandburg, once started a storm in a teacup by quoting what he called the editorial writer's prayer:

"O Lord, give me this day my daily opinion, and forgive me the one I had yesterday."

This upset the editor of a rival newspaper. He solemnly denounced it as "a false statement"—pointing out that the writers on his own paper could be relied upon never to change their opinions.

Carl asked the good Lord to forgive the rival editor, adding: "And if he spits into the wind, finding it comes back into his face, that, too, must not be denied him."

What reminded me of all this was a meeting of our local tenants, called to stir up the borough council into compelling certain landlords to do some badly needed repairs.

The meeting was organized by the local branch of a political party. Its name doesn't matter. After the tenants had stated their case, and we had passed a resolution to be sent to the borough council, and so done what we'd come to do, the chairman announced the presence of a party speaker, who rose up to indicate the moral.

He pointed out what a lot we "masses" owed to his party. His chief refrain, constantly repeated, was that he was born of the working class, still belonged to the working class, and had spent his whole life fighting for the working class. And he finally wound himself up to the astonishing statement that his own policy (and, by implication, that of his party) could be summed up in five words: "My class, right or wrong!"

He then struck the appropriate attitude, and waited for the applause. But there was only silence. He gave us another moment to rise to the occasion; and then, as we still failed to respond, he sat down.

It Took Me Back

At this point I came out. I know I ought not to have done. Since I strongly disagreed, I should have stayed and argued. But I felt I couldn't stand any more of it. And the reason I couldn't stand any more of it was that I'd been watching and listening to a caricature of myself—myself at seventeen.

I don't believe I ever went quite so far as to say, or even to think: "My class, right or wrong"; though I suppose I got as near to that as makes no odds. And the fact that, thirty years later, a grown man should still be using that slogan hit me such a blow that I had to go outside to get my mental breath back.

It was then that Carl Sandburg's prayer came back to me, and I thought how right he was, and how slow I'd been in recognizing it. I suppose it needed the shock of seeing that chap put my old self before me to make me realize how much I'd changed my opinions since those days. But it was such a painful sight, I simply couldn't face it.

Maybe that's why, like the editor who denounced Sandburg, so many of us deny that we ever change our opinions. We prefer to believe we have always thought exactly what we think today.

Our human dignity is involved. We can't bear to admit we were ever wrong. It's a queer kink. Why isn't a man proud to think that, however big a fool he may have been yesterday, he isn't quite such a fool today?

Still, so long as we allow the facts of experience to change our opinions, I suppose it doesn't much matter whether we admit it or not. The really dangerous man is the one who is so scared of waking up tomorrow and finding he thinks differently from what he does today that he firmly shuts his eyes and ears to any facts that may cause him to doubt his present opinions.

Officer's Taboos

I'm reminded of an extremely dignified British officer I met in Berlin, soon after VE-Day. We were sitting in the dining-room of a beautiful villa on the shore of the Wannsee. It had belonged, I believe, to Goering's favourite physician. There were six of us, all British: four men and two women. A British sentry paced up and down on the lawn before the window. Beyond him lay the ruins of a defeated Germany. As evening drew in and we switched on the lights, it seemed to me an ideal moment to talk about life—about ourselves, the world, the future, everything.

But I had hardly opened the ball with a mild remark or two, when the aforesaid dignified officer abruptly rose from his chair and, drawing himself up to his full height, solemnly declared: "There are three things I never discuss: sex, politics and religion."

And that, very obviously, was that. (It wasn't, by the way, an official interview—simply a friendly chat after dinner.)

Poor little man! I felt annoyed at the time, but thinking back on it now, I can't help feeling sorry for him. He'd been fitted with his mental blinkers at his public school, or some similar place, and he'd never dared to lift them so much as a fraction of an inch, ever since—for fear he might catch a new idea.

He was really no different from our orator at the tenants' meeting—though, of course, both men would have claimed to be poles apart.

I often wonder how many such people are running our national affairs—our government offices, trade unions, factories, schools, churches and the like. It seems to me the human race would be saved from a lot of frustration and misery if only more people could be persuaded to adopt Carl Sandburg's prayer—especially the people in authority.

by Herbert Hodge

TALKING POINTS ABOUT Rubber

RUBBER IS A KEY SUBSTANCE. Cushion and insulator, it absorbs shocks, mechanical and electrical, throughout industry. Columbus was probably the first European to see it. On his second journey to South America he watched native Indians playing with a heavy black ball made, they told him, out of tree gum. It was three hundred years before the new substance was available in any quantity. In 1938 the world used 887,892 tons.

★ ★ ★

Not until the coming of the motor car did rubber boom. Between 1911 and 1926 the world's rubber consumption went up, on the average, by 34,000 tons a year.

★ ★ ★

Until 1873 rubber was virtually a monopoly of Brazil, though it was fairly clear that in Malaya and the East Indies the climate suited its growth. The Brazilians were loath to part with seeds, but at length Sir Joseph Hooker, Director of the Botanical Gardens, Kew, smuggled some out—in a stuffed crocodile.

★ ★ ★

Every hothouse in Kew was cleared at short notice to receive initial consignments of rubber. Two thousand plants were raised and sent to Ceylon. But it was slow work. By 1897 there were still only 345 acres of rubber plantation in the East. In 1938 the acreage in Malaya alone was 3,302,200.

★ ★ ★

In 1831 an American company had dissolved rubber in turpentine and added lampblack, thus forming a varnish which made leather waterproof. But cold and heat cracked or melted the surface, and not till 1839, when Charles Goodyear added sulphur to rubber with the aid of heat (vulcanization), was the rubber boot industry properly launched.

★ ★ ★

During the war, the Japanese laid waste rubber plantations in Malaya, destroying nearly 150,000 trees. To repair the damage will cost about £25,000,000. The plan for rebuilding the Malayan industry was actually drawn up in a Jap prison camp at Singapore by a British business man. Japanese police failed to find the document. Imprisoned planters, though tortured, kept silent.

★ ★ ★

Synthetic rubber was first made by a German, Dr. Carl Duisberg. By 1918 Germany was making about 500 tons of it a year. Not until 1933, however, did Germany produce a reasonably good rubber substitute—Buna.

★ ★ ★

The U.S.A. set up an immense artificial rubber plant to offset the loss of the Malay plantations. Now the question is what to do with it. The synthetic product is still dearer and less reliable than the natural, but America hopes to make 1,000,000 tons of it this year, cutting down natural rubber imports to fifteen per cent.

★ ★ ★

Edison and Henry Ford both realized that lack of home-grown rubber (it's one of the few key substances that cannot be grown in the States) was a handicap to their plans, and spent huge sums to find the answer. Edison lost a million dollars trying to get rubber from "golden rod." Russia has tried to obtain rubber from kogo-salz, a plant of the dandelion family.

★ ★ ★

Liberia, the "free" African state, sent 20,655 tons of rubber and latex to the U.S.A. in 1946, thus becoming the next largest exporter of rubber after the Far Eastern countries.

★ ★ ★

"The natives make balls of it, which when thrown do bound exceedingly high into the air." That's how an early explorer wrote of rubber four hundred years ago. Economists have still to learn how to keep rubber steady.

The fire brilliantly lit up the birches around, but it did not show me my way

JORKENS IN WITCH WOOD

by LORD DUNSANY

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

A favourite Dunsany character challenges an age-old curse in this new story by one of the best-known living writers in the field of fantasy

"I THINK THERE ARE more witches in Ireland than in any other land that I know," said Jorkens.

Nobody was talking of witches that day at the Billiards Club. On the other hand our general conversation was at rather a low ebb so far as interest was concerned, and Jorkens's remark was little more than an attempt, fortunately successful, to turn our talk from speculations about technicalities of which we were not very fully informed to the story of some fragment of his own life.

Jorkens is no scientist, nor does he pretend to be, and yet I believe that when I shall have been able to fit together all the stories of his I have heard, until the end of one touches the beginning of another all the way through, his life will be found to be full of material that will be new to science, and which scientists must explain as they may.

But now to his story, for his opening remark was, as my reader may have guessed, no more than a prelude to one he intended to tell.

I remember a man named Twohey (said Jorkens) who, I think, had once been some kind of a general, but he was a nice quiet fellow when I knew him.

I was walking along a road in Ireland when first I saw him, which ran through a nice estate with little clumps of trees in it here and there, and looking over a hedge I chanced to see him slipping a ferret into a rabbit-hole.

He looked up rather sharply, as if he thought I might be someone that was going to interfere with him; and when he saw that I wasn't—however he saw that—he gave me a charming smile, and said: "I thought you were one of those—But never mind. I'm just getting a bit of a rabbit for my old mother. Sure, no one could object to a man doing that."

I agreed that nobody could. And from that we got talking of other things. And presently he told me about one of the clumps quite near us, which, he said, had been cursed by a witch. It was a hazel wood, about a hundred yards long, and in breadth a little less, and it was called Witch Wood, because a witch had once cursed it, he said, so that anybody out in it at night would lose his way and be lost.

"But it is only a clump," I said.

"And so it is, by day," said Twohey.

"And what is it by night?" I asked.

"Sure, the curse works then," he said.

"What does it do?" I asked.

"It's as I said," replied Twohey. "You lose your way."

"In a little wood like that?" I asked.

"Aye," said Twohey. "Sure, that's what it looks. And so it does."

Well, it isn't any use arguing about witchcraft. The only thing was to test it. And so I said to Twohey:

"Look here," I said, "I'll walk through that clump at any time of night. I'll go in by the far side and come out by the road."

"Any time after dark will do," said Twohey.

"Then I'll do it," I said, "witch or no witch."

"Very well," said Twohey. "There's no one to stop you, unless it's Lord

Monaghan's keeper. And he doesn't be sitting up late these days the way he used to when he was younger. Time he was a bit wicked, but he'd not bother you now."

"Well, then I'll try it," I said, "if you think no one will mind."

"Sorra a mind," said Twohey.

"I'll try it tonight," I said.

"Then you'll be lost," said Twohey.

"What did she curse it for?" I asked when that was settled.

"Ah, there was a bad Lord Monaghan in the old days," Twohey said, "and he turned her out of her cottage where this wood is, and he planted birch trees all over her garden, and hazels all the way round."

I saw the birches standing all white in the wood and a few Scotch firs beyond them. And all the rest was hazels.

"What did he do it for?" I asked.

"For no reason at all," said Twohey, "only that the poor old woman wouldn't pay her rent. And, sure, I don't blame her."

And then a rabbit bolted into a little net that Twohey had waiting for it over a hole.

"Excuse me a moment," said Twohey.

And it was really no more than a moment before he had snapped its neck. "It's only for my old mother," he said. "Sure, no one in the world could grudge her a rabbit."

I entirely agreed with Twohey, and promised not to say a word about the rabbit to anybody, for fear it should come to ears that Twohey said had nothing better to do than to listen for that kind of talk, which was not properly their concern at all. And we arranged a meeting next morning in the little neighbouring village, outside a door within which, Twohey said, one could get a drink of some sort, though it was nothing like the drink that it used to be in the old days.

AND I was to tell Twohey just how I got through Witch Wood. And I looked forward to doing so, for I didn't think much of his witch and I felt pretty sure that I could walk through that wood in less time and with less exertion than it would take me to explain that a witch had not the powers with which Twohey appeared to credit her. For I could see that he was a decent fellow and would believe whatever I told him. Very unlike the more suspicious kind of devil who will never believe a straight account of anything, if he has not been there himself and seen the whole thing with his own eyes.

We parted then, and I remember my words to Twohey, "I don't think it will take me more than three or four minutes, even in the dark, to do the longest part of the wood."

"Well," said Twohey, "the last man I knew that tried it allowed himself three or four hours."

"Three or four hours!" I exclaimed.

"Aye, and it wasn't long enough," said Twohey. "Dawn didn't come up for another two hours after that. But maybe your honour will do it, being fresh from London and all, and with the help of your Oxford-and-Cambridge education."

He was a polite and pleasant fellow, though pigheaded about the witch.

I was staying at a little inn, where they made me very comfortable, and I spent a holiday of a week there and got a bit of fishing.

Well, I told them I was going out for a short walk after supper. I wasn't a quarter of an hour's walk from the wood, so I told them I would be back in about half an hour; and they said they would let me in any time, up to eleven o'clock. It was in the early summer, after the mayfly had gone down, and the corncrake had just arrived from the south; I heard its voice as I went in over the fields.

There was a line of distant mountains low in the sky; I never knew the names of them; and I waited till they had wholly disappeared, and everything got dim, though some luminous trace of day was still overhead and a glimmer shone on the fields.

As I left the road I heard the bark of one dog, and then an intense stillness, that was broken after a while by the voice of the corncrake. A dim, white moth flew low above the tops of the grasses, bringing a gleam of light that was noticeable and welcome in the huge area of darkness that was gaining upon the world, and somehow gained on one's spirits, so that one felt all through one the unreasonable awe of the night, an awe that one tried to avoid by keeping away from trees, and out in the open spaces where the last of the daylight lingered.

It is not a feeling that I can explain, because reason has no concern with it. Nor was there any sense in avoiding trees in the fields, when the purpose of my journey was to enter a wood.

Soon I saw a huge shape standing behind an ash-tree, watching me. It turned out to be a horse. It scarcely moved as I went by. Movement, it seemed to feel, was for the daytime, and everything was too hushed and still for it to move now.

I went on from the silent figure and came to still cattle, some standing, some lying down, all equally still. The hush had deepened, and now held everything.

Over a little hill not far away, I saw one light that was all alone in the dimness, glittering over the top of a little hill, a golden radiance that seemed, small though it was, to be perhaps the first flash of the rising moon; but the moon was in another part of the sky, and I saw it later, a blurred mass of fine gold, nearly hidden in mist.

THIS light, then, which did not increase, was the bright light of a window, the one light in all the valley when all else was curtained. I wondered for a while at the glare of it. Then it occurred to me that it must be the house of the priest, and that perhaps he kept that light shining so late as a kind of warning that he was there, to whomever might be wandering at such an hour.

Again a moth passed by me, and then I came to the wood. At the edge of it somebody had lately cut an ash tree, and the stump of it shone white; that and the gleam of the moth and the far-off glow from the hill were the last lights I saw for some time.

As I entered the little wood I saw at once, what is obvious to anyone who has seen a wood after dark, that the little clump was different to what it had been in the day. It looked larger, for one thing, and, besides that, it looked menacing. But then, for some reason or other, woods at night always do. I don't quite know why. I suppose that it is just the way they are made.

Well, I didn't think much of that, and for a while I got on very well. The only thing that was troubling me was the faint glow in the sky, which I was afraid might possibly make it an unfair test, as it could be argued that it was not entirely night while any light was there. But I thought I would go on and then run through the wood again later, so as to make quite sure.

I was among large leaves of cow parsnip at first, growing underneath hazels; then a faint glow came from the white trunks of birches; but very soon, as I got deeper into the wood, I was unable to tell them from the grey trunk of an occasional oak,

Continued on page 21

With my feet up ★ by Ian Fox

What a Collection!

SOMETHING HAS JUST happened in France which deserves a wider application. In a village near Lyons, the people rounded up the local tax collectors, locked them in a cage on wheels, and paraded them through the streets.

It is not clear whether the cage was to prevent the tax collectors from getting out, or to stop the people from getting at them.

It would be a pleasure to do the same thing in England. In fact, I would suggest an exhibition of tax collectors to be held in Hyde Park every year during the week ending April 5.

The exhibition would be arranged like a zoo. The strongest cages would be reserved for income tax collectors. There would be Mappin Terraces on which the less dangerous species, such as rate collectors, could sport about in comparative freedom, and an aquarium for collectors of water rates.

I should be particularly interested in viewing my own income tax collector—safely caged—because I have no idea what he looks like. Sometimes I dream that he is like an octopus, fixing me with a beady eye as he goes through all my pockets simultaneously with his eight arms.

Sometimes he looks like Boris Karloff, at others like Humphrey Bogart. On some occasions, he sits at a desk surrounded by torture apparatus ready to wring from unhappy citizens the innermost secrets of their dependent grandmothers, and the uttermost farthing of additional emoluments not included under Paragraph B (5)a, sub-section 18g.

★ ★ ★

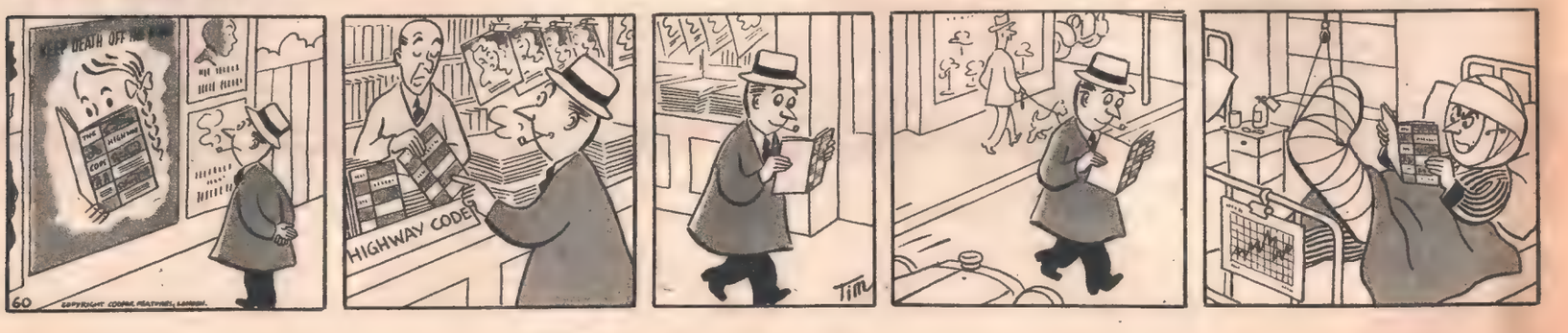
If I were to see him exhibited in a cage, I might have to revise my ideas. He might turn out to be a mild little man with an apologetic smile.

Perhaps he has a wife and a sick child as well as a dependent grandmother, and finds it difficult to make ends meet. Perhaps those lines on his forehead are caused by worrying about his own income tax.

Good heavens, I can see that after a short time I should start to feel sorry for him and hand him a bun through the bars.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



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RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

Sinbad on the Screen. Famed in story, now filmed in glorious Technicolor, RKO's "Sinbad the Sailor" has Douglas Fairbanks Jnr. in the title role co-starred with Maureen O'Hara. Walter Slezak has the third starring role with a huge cast in support.

Proud Father. John Mills, with daughter, above, in James Hilton's newest best seller "So Well Remembered", filmed at Denham. Produced by J. Arthur Rank and RKO, the film co-stars Martha Scott, Patricia Roc, Trevor Howard and Richard Carlson with Mills.

Fated to live a lie. Laraine Day, in RKO's dramatic production, "The Locket", listens pensively to Robert Mitchum, knowing that she must reveal the secret that ruined the three men in her life. Co-starred in this drama are Brian Aherne and Gene Raymond.

Captivated. No one can blame Joseph Cotten for giving his undivided attention to anyone as lovely as Loretta Young who is "The Farmer's Daughter" in RKO's romantic comedy of the same name. Co-starred is Ethel Barrymore with Charles Bickford featured.

SEE THESE BIG RKO HITS AT YOUR FAVOURITE CINEMA

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Continued from page 18

except by feeling the bark, and that was not of much use to me, as, from what I had seen of the little grove in the distance, I did not know that there were any oak trees there, so that they did not help to show me where I was.

The birches that stood in what was the witch's garden were close to the point at which I had entered the wood, and I expected to go through them and then through the hazels, and so come to the road. But soon I saw no more the glow of the birches, and there were hazels all round me, as I could tell by their shapes. I was surprised at seeing no birches, but I knew the direction of the road and I aimed to come out exactly at a gate on the roadside, leading into the wood.

Perhaps I may offer a suggestion to anyone who may at any time be lost in a wood at night, or at any time anywhere, and that is that however sure one may think one is of the right direction, yet, if one does not recognize landmarks close beside one, one's direction also is wrong. Mistake north for east, and the other points of the compass will come out wrong too. So I went on through the wood, thinking I knew the way.

Of course, I would have been bound to have come out somewhere, if I had kept straight on in so small a wood, but I got diverted by water. Whether it was the same long strip appearing again and again I do not know, but it prevented me going straight; and not only that, but it was no guide to me whatever, for I knew nothing of any stream that entered the wood, and could not make out what water was doing there. Perhaps it was a deep, marshy ditch that guarded one side of Witch Wood, or there may have been four of them and I may have come on them all; whatever it was, I was continually being turned by it.

Not that it seemed at first to matter, as I still thought I knew where the road was, but it made my journey slower, because the water often turned me from clearer spaces, into thicker parts of the wood, and some of these were so thick that I had to vary my direction again.

I WENT on and on for a very long while through the wood, and the night grew darker, and any glimmer of light that still remained was where it was no use to me, up overhead, except where it suddenly flashed in patches of water; and the cow-parsnip had ceased, as though I had changed my climate.

There had been a kind of hush when I first entered Witch Wood, as though everything had suddenly held its breath; no dog barked, the corncrake had ceased, there was no sound from the cattle, and this silence continued the whole time that I was in the wood.

If I could have heard any sounds they might have given me some direction, but the curse didn't seem to allow that. That was what I wanted, direction; any direction at all. For I was beginning now to see that my idea of the direction of the road was all wrong.

Birches by now had taken the place of hazels, and there was an occasional pine; I was in an entirely different country.

My theory that I knew the way, my knowledge that I was in a little grove, my belief that I could cross it in three minutes, all had to go by the board, and I had to acknowledge the fact that I was lost in a forest. I knew that some forests went for a thousand miles, that some of them ran right into the Arctic. It was no use arguing with myself any longer that I knew where I was.

The most important thing for me to do then was to start all over again, unhindered by any theory that I could get out of the wood, and, looking at things in an entirely new light, to try and find out where I was.

The birches somehow seemed to suggest Russia. You may think that mistaken of me, but I had recognized by now that I knew nothing of my whereabouts whatever and that I might just as likely be in one piace as any other.

That is how I felt when my cocksureness was gone. I had thought I could stroll through that wood and that the witch's curses were nothing, and now I was in her garden with dark forest all round me. And, if any vestige of my confidence remained, it was swept away by finding those birches at the end of an hour's walk, when I had expected to find them in the first few yards.

Obviously they could not be the same birches, and might be any forest whatever. What I mean is that by clinging to the belief that I was in a small grove in Ireland I could not get any further: my only chance was to give up the idea that was doing me no good, and to get as far away from it as I could.

That is why I examined the possibility of being lost in a birch forest in Russia. The wrong idea perhaps, but better than the one that had left me completely lost. Well, I travelled on through the forest a very long way, through the faint gleam of the birches. And at last I said: "Wherever this forest is, I am obviously lost in it, and I've nothing to guide me. What's the use of going on?"

A man who has travelled as much as I have is never helpless, especially if he has water somewhere near and has got a box of matches, so I decided to make myself comfortable for the night.

Nothing burns better than birch bark, and I stripped off a good lot of it and soon I had a fire that would burn anything I threw down on it; and I piled on branches that I broke from the trees, and logs and sticks that I found in the dark of the weeds, for I fancied a big fire would be necessary to keep me warm in those latitudes, where those dense birch forests grew, as soon as the night should settle down to grow colder.

I felt no cold as yet, on account of my long hard walk, but I was glad of the warmth of the fire and of the rest.

The fire was soon burning well, brilliantly lighting up the birches around me, but it did not show me my way, for a circle of darkness seemed to draw in round it that was even blacker than it had been before. For a moment the clear bright ground for a few paces all round me tempted me to try to look for my way again, but I had the sense to look at the darkness that hung so close all round and to accept the obvious fact that I was lost, and to make it no worse by wandering.

After that I was really quite comfortable, getting all the warmth that I wanted from the fire. The flames added cheerfulness and I settled down to wait for the dawn, when the curse, as I gathered from Twohey, usually lifted, apart from which I should be able to see my way.

The great hush continued. I got another log or two and threw them on to the fire, and then I settled down to try to sleep, with the fire on my face and a cool wind on my neck.

BUT I could not get to sleep for a long time; and, just as I thought that I was going to do so, I heard my first sound from outside, the sound of a cock crowing from some cottage far over the fields, as early as that in the night, for in the wood there was yet no trace of drawn.

I listened for a while, and it crowed again. And then I got the idea that, whatever Twohey had said, it was not so much the dawn that abated curses, as the cock-crow that usually accompanied it, and came often a little before.

So I threw a bit more stuff down on the fire, and as soon as I had it blazing I started off again on my journey through Witch Wood. And this time, though I still had no point to make for, and had quite given up my futile belief that I knew the way to go, I had, as I had not had before, a point from which I was able to move away, and this at least was a help to prevent me moving in circles.

So I set out, looking often over my shoulder to see that the fire behind me was receding as it should. And in a surprisingly short time I saw another light that was shining through the branches of the hazels before me, a pale golden light. It was the light of the priest's window shining over the fields.

What it was doing at such an hour I could have no idea, but that, of course, was no affair of mine. There it shone and I walked through Witch Wood towards it, and soon was out in the field where the cattle were, still lying or standing motionless. And I heard the corncrake again. And I went back past the same horse, that was standing still by his tree, and back through the hush of the night. I came to the inn before there was as yet any sign of the dawn.

For a moment I wondered what excuse to give, and then the right idea came to me; I threw pebbles up at the window and, when it opened, I gave them the bare truth; I said I was lost in Witch Wood. And they understood me at once. All people are suspicious of strangers, and any excuse that I gave for being so late would have been examined very thoroughly, and it might have been a long time before they opened the door, but the bare truth about Witch Wood went straight to their hearts and they let me in at once.

Next day I saw Twohey and told him straight out that his witch had won.

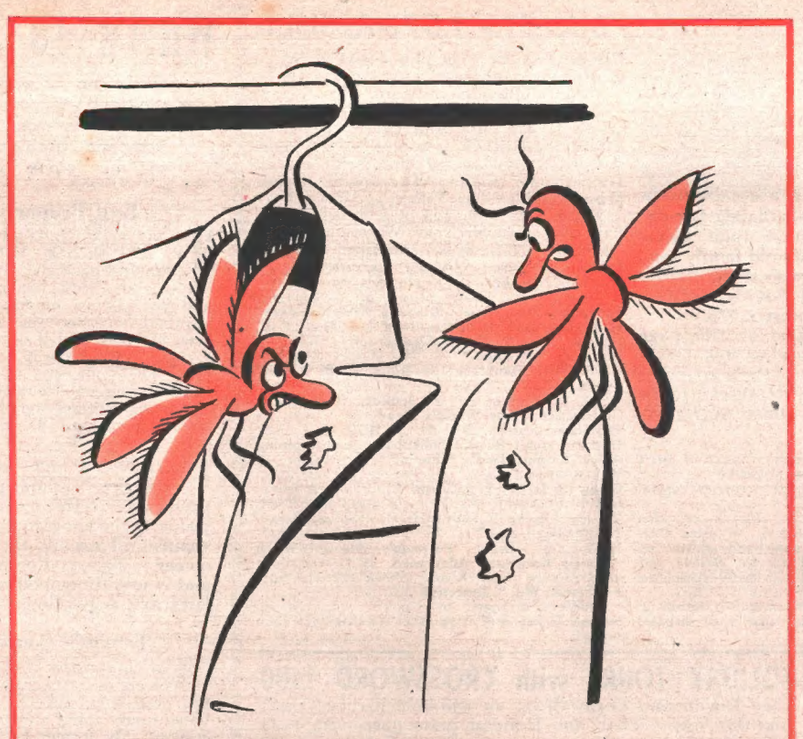
"Ah, and so she would," said Twohey.

"Are there many other curses like that," I asked him, "being laid hereabouts now?"

"Ah," said Twohey, "there are not."

"Why is that?" I asked.

"Ah," he said, "I don't know what's come over the country. The witches are no good any longer. The wickedness has gone out of them. I don't know what's wrong at all. But it's not like what it was in the old days."



"I shall be glad when the export drive is over—I'm tired of this Utility stuff!"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Something's Lacking

AN elderly reader who for years has read this feature has set me a problem.

"Unhappily, like its counterpart of iron and steel," she says, "the human machine wears out. It grows rusty, its parts get out of order, and, where it once ran swiftly and merrily, it now creaks and is stiff."

Something of this, she feels, has happened to herself; the cold, irritating difficulties attending even the simplest things of everyday life have, she avers, "got her down."

"I hate," she went on, "to feel so inert and depressed. It seems to be a modern disease. I never remember my parents suffering from it."

What, then, is lacking in us that former generations had? I'll tell you.

Our forefathers had a profound belief in an over-ruling Providence. They talked of "God's will," and of something they called "Grace"—given, as they believed, from above to enable men and women to face up to life and its problems cheerfully and courageously.

I think that's what we lack. We have lost sight of the spiritual side of life. We are too "clever" to look for any of the spiritual gifts that used to be commonplaces of belief.

And what have we put in its place? Nothing! We are left with a dreary emptiness of mind and a poverty of spirit. How can we expect to be anything but inert and hopeless?

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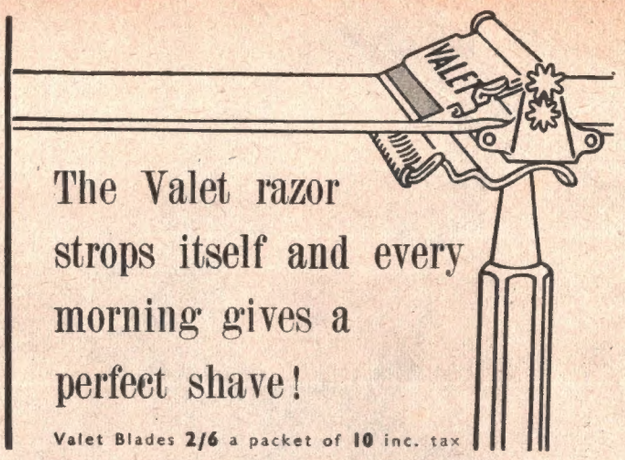

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Much of his attraction is due to the sparkle of really clean, white teeth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia is the secret of the attractive 'magnesia smile.'

It is the only dentifrice containing *'Milk of Magnesia,' which corrects acid mouth, so often the cause of dental decay. 1/3 and 2/2.

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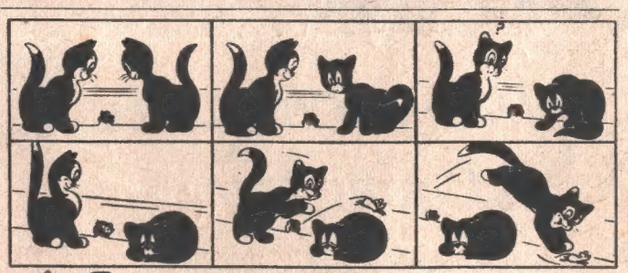

Same age - different owners

Some people believe that cats look after themselves. Cats know better. They seldom get enough of those correctives which in their natural state they get from herbs and certain grasses. But 'Tibs' Cat Powders provide them; and cats take 'Tibs' readily in food or drink. Give your cat a 'Tibs' a day to keep him in tip-top health, full of pep and pounce. Everyone will notice the difference—including the mice.

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Now see the difference (*right*) when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. Hair has a healthy gloss. It's easy to comb, and looks well dressed. And *no* dandruff! Simply massage gently with the Tonic every morning, but use sparingly as supplies are still short.

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Join Them in Switzerland!

HATS off to Mr. G. Mulholland, Lee-on-Solent! Like three other First Prize-winners, this thirty-six years old family man is now planning to celebrate a big *Bullets* cash success with a Free Holiday in Switzerland for Two, won in Contest 1,576.

You can make the coupon on this page your "ticket" to Switzerland as this week's £300 winner. And remember—there are other big cheques and Free Seaside Weeks to be won in this fine Holiday offer of *Bullets* prizes value over £750.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL, dated July 5, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

How to make a *Bullet*

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet*.

PRIZES value over **£750**

FIRST PRIZE £300 and 10-day SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO

£25—£10 3 of £5 5 cash prizes above, each plus **SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO**

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

WE BRITONS
MOUNTAIN OF DEBT
FOR ALL
TODAY'S PROBLEM
HUNGRY FRITZ
MORE ELBOW-GREASE
IN LIFE'S MOVIE
ORDINARY MAN
GOT SOMETHING
HE'S A DREAMER, SO
LOOKS CHEERFUL
HOLIDAY FOR THE HOUSE-WIFE
BLISTERING
ON THE FRONT
SONNY'S FERRET
THE DOOR OPENED AND
MADE THINGS HUM
NOT CRICKET
TREADING WEARILY
UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

TAKES SOME .....
FEMININE.....
WHEN THE FOREMAN'S.....
SAFE TO.....
NO HARM IN.....
TO.....THE GOVERNMENT

"BULLETS" 1,578 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £300 plus Swiss Holiday: G. Elliott, 3 Winifred Road, Merton Park, London, S.W.19:
Secret Of Happiness We *Give* And Learn.

SECOND PRIZE, £50 plus Seaside Holiday: W. V. Williams, 9 Springfield Terrace, Hipperholme, Halifax: **The World's Headache—Famine—The Village's, Harvest!**

THIRD PRIZE, £25 plus Seaside Holiday: W. Lambert, 30 Waterlow Road, Highgate Hill, N.19: **Getting Tough—Official—Refused *Himself* Permit!**

THREE PRIZES of £10 plus Seaside Holiday: E. Horton, 17 Stowe Street, Middlesbrough: **Domestic Bliss—Pipe, Slippers, Wife's Letter!** H. H. Hotchkiss, 16 Burges Road, East Ham, E.6: **Behind Closed Doors—Democracy "Wilts"—Dictators "Blossom."** R. W. Wright, Glenesk, Perth Road, Dunblane: **In Industry—Be "Ant"—Beat Want!**

SIX PRIZES of £5: E. Jenkins, High Street, Clynderwen: **The World's Headache—Posing As Physician, Russia.** Mrs. D. P. Millar, 2 Lypiatt House, Lypiatt Road, Cheltenham: **Fair Warning—For Worms, Dad's "Fore!"** T. Shingler, 56 West Common Lane, Old Brumby, Scunthorpe: **Going Up In Smoke—Cinema—Tell Lovers, Somebody!** C. Smith (W.O.1) 14a Britannia Road, Warley: **Broke Recruit's Heart—"Seven Days—No Reading-lamp!"** P. J. Smith, 120 York Road, Bristol, 6: **Broke Postman's Heart—When "Lonely Bachelor" Advertised.** E. G. Warrilow, 21 Riverview Road, Ewell: **Shock For The Spiv—"Search Me!" Detective *Did*.**

Holidays arranged by Cook's. Cheques, 50 Season Tickets and 1,500 other Awards have been posted.

HOLIDAY TOURS with CROSSWORD £100

See Devon and Cornwall on an 850-mile luxury Coach Tour for Two. That fine Holiday prize goes with each cheque for £25 or over in this week's £100 Cash Crossword—awards value £25 amongst Runners-up.

£100 and HOLIDAY TOUR WON XWORD 530

WINNING WORDS.
ACROSS: 1, Storm. 3, Bass. 7, Cane. 10, Stride. 11, Tar or Tax. 12, Wages. 13, May.
DOWN: 1, Scant. 2, Odds. 4, Sheep or Sheet. 5, Quiet. 6, Mat. 7, Chair. 8, Bey. 9, Grow.

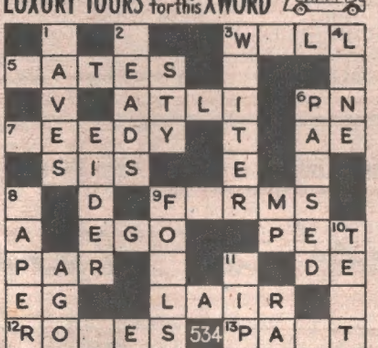
£100 OUTRIGHT WINNER: T. L. McRobert, 37 Gladsmuir Road, Glasgow, S.W.2.

In addition, winner awarded 850-mile Coach Tour. Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 14 entrants.

Across Clues **Xword 534**
3. Can be insidiously undermined
5. These of railway season tickets are sometimes altered very wrongly
7. Many children have been made this by sheer poverty
9. Certain type of servant almost gets attached to these
12. Owner of big house won't engage gardener who doesn't know something about these
13. At least the spirit of this should be left after alterations

Down Clues
1. Creatures that fly are sometimes found living in these
2. Student may want two or three different these for sketching
3. Often caught out if he slips up in his account
4. Traveller has good reason for turning down shady one
6. It's fitting that hard sentences should sometimes be this
8. It's silly to complain one doesn't throw sufficient light on things
9. Producer should know where to lay his hand on a pair of
10. Illumination of this may be shaky
11. Porter is all the better for

LUXURY TOURS for this XWORD



ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,582 (or XWORD 534); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated June 28 offering Cash and HOLIDAY PRIZES

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EXAMPLE .....
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Closing Postmark, **1,582** MON., JUNE 16

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

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HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated June 28, for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., JUNE 16
No. **534**
Signed .....
Address .....

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Lost Property

"OUR SIX-YEAR-OLD daughter found a ten shilling note in a tram and handed it to the conductor, who took her name and address. Three months later I inquired whether the note had been claimed, and if not, whether my girl could have it returned to her. The reply was that all unclaimed property found in trams and buses becomes the property of the corporation. Is this really so?"

▶▶ Articles found on private property should pass into possession of the owner of the property, who can hold them against all except the rightful owner. This is Common Law and is usually embodied in bye-laws and regulations.

Tenant's Consent

"THE BUNGALOW I have been living in for twenty-two years has been sold, but the purchaser bought only about a quarter of the garden. My former landlord tells me that the tenant of another bungalow is taking over the rest of the garden. Has he the right to do this?"

▶▶ The landlord cannot take away the whole or part of your garden without your consent. If he does so he will be liable for damages. You cannot be compelled to quit except by court order, and if you have any difficulty you should consult a solicitor.

Contesting a Will

"MY WIFE'S GRANDMOTHER died recently leaving everything to my wife's aunt. In an earlier will she left a half-share to my wife's mother, but my wife's mother died first. The grandmother was a patient in a mental hospital for a week and was then discharged. Do you think my wife could contest the will?"

▶▶ The first will would be invalid, and unless you can prove that the old lady was not in a fit mental state when she made the second will it would be useless to contest it.

Divorce Charges

"WHILE SERVING in the Army I applied for a divorce and was told that it would cost £5. The decree nisi was granted several months ago, but now the solicitor wants another £1 15s. before the divorce is made absolute. Please tell me what I should do?"

▶▶ The solicitor is entitled to charge for his out-of-pocket expenses. If these exceed the £5 mentioned at first you may be obliged to pay the balance.

Allowance for Wear and Tear

"I AM A FISHERMAN and had to have a new engine installed in my boat. The income tax inspector will not allow me to claim the cost of this for exemption, but the money I received for the old engine is reckoned as part of my income. Is this correct?"

▶▶ The cost of installing a new engine is capital expenditure and cannot be claimed as a deduction in one year, but you can claim an annual allowance for wear and tear. You can also claim an initial allowance under the Income Tax Act, 1945, so that in effect the cost of the engine will be spread over its working life.

The money received for the old engine should not be taxable as a trading receipt, but if you have been given an annual allowance for wear and tear in the past there may be a "balancing charge" under the Income Tax Act.

Joint Savings Accounts

"CAN A PARTNER in a joint Post Office savings account leave his share to whomsoever he wishes?"

▶▶ The money in a joint account belongs equally to both, and on the death of one party it passes to the survivor. It cannot therefore be bequeathed except by the parties jointly.

Daughter's Claim

"I AM THE ELDEST of three sisters, and my next sister lives with my parents. Can you tell me what will happen if a will is made leaving everything to the second sister? And what will happen if no will is made at all?"

▶▶ Unless you are a beneficiary under the will you will have no claim to anything; nor will the youngest sister. But if no will is made, the estate will pass to the parent who survives.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 15

INTERNATIONAL. (1) The Hispanidad is the Spanish Fascist movement "for the spiritual unity of all Spanish-speaking people." (2) "No territorial change without the wish of the peoples concerned." (3) International finance; formation of the United Nations Organization. (4) Ultimately, the United States of the World. (5) Because it is part of the American Loan agreement that we do not discriminate against U.S. goods.

BIRDS. (1) Blackbird. (2) Speckled. (3) Kestrel. (4) Gaggle of geese; covey of partridges; murmuration of starlings; wisp of snipe. (5) Blackcap.

CARTOONS. (1) He had oversize ears and could fly with them. (2) Strube, David Langdon, J. F. Horrabin, Low. (3) No, not the background, but all the moving parts. (4) Milton Caniff, *Daily Express*; Tim, *John Bull*. (5) Felix the Cat.

LAW. (1) Adultery, cruelty, desertion for three years, incurable lunacy of at least five years. (2) Neither. (3) Statute Law is made by Parliament; Common Law is established by precedent. (4) Forty-eight per cent. (5) Floating wreckage; goods thrown overboard to lighten a ship; goods sunk with a buoy attached.

YOUR BODY. (1) Sixty-five per cent. (2) Fifty-two—twenty milk, thirty-two permanent. (3) Slower: About 135 beats per minute at birth, eighty at sixteen years, sixty after fifty years. (4) Liver and kidney; the heart is next hottest. (5) Sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch.

A dream of Romance that came true . . .

THANKS TO THAT

Schoolgirl Complexion

What man can resist the tender loveliness which comes when you entrust the care of your skin to Palmolive. Its rich, velvety, olive-oil lather will safeguard your " Schoolgirl Complexion ". Use Palmolive when you bath, and you will have a natural beauty treatment from head to toe — keep yourself " Schoolgirl Complexion " all over.

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Every shoe in the thrilling Styl-EEZ range is 'Flare-fitted.' This exclusive feature holds the foot softly but firmly in the true line of grace, banishing the menace of 'ankle-wobble.'

Meltonian will clean and preserve your Styl-EEZ shoes.

To keep this two colour Styl-EEZ model looking fresh and smart, apply Meltonian Blue Cream to the polished parts and Meltonian White Kid Cleaner to the white portion, carefully following the instructions given. The regular use of Meltonian will produce gratifying results.

Styl-EEZ

A SELBY SHOE

When buying Styl-EEZ shoes, ask for the correct MELTONIAN dressing for their toilet